JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 20, 1926. Vol. XXXIX. No. 1028.

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4-2-26.

The Editor, "John Bull,"

Sir,

As the uncle of the young man Ernest Laight, who, with his wife and wee Bobby, met with such an untimely end, may I be allowed to express to you my profound gratitude for your most generous action with regard to their daughter Joan? It is refreshing in these days of rigid and hair-splitting adherence to rules and regulations to see such broad-minded and kindly actions, but it is only what one would expect from those bearing the honoured name of "John Bull."

Yours faithfully,

William J. Laight

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This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 8/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/8 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 2d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

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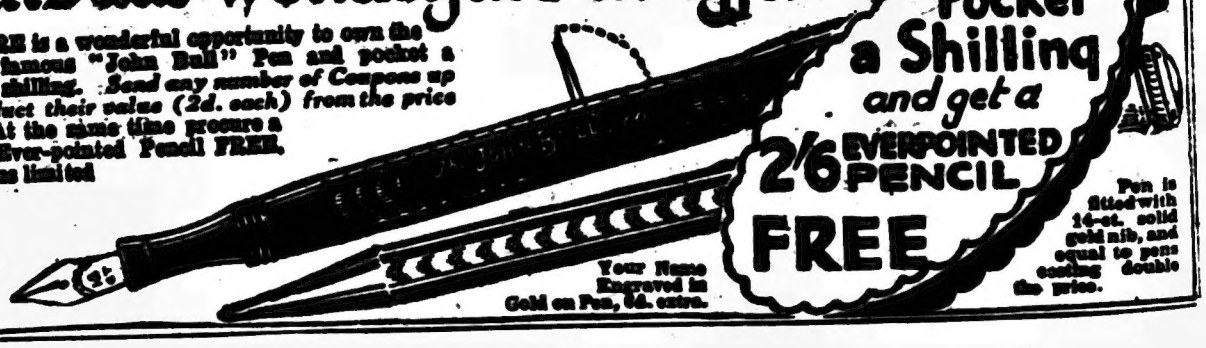

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The one question that everyone is asking everyone else is: "Have you seen the new 'London Mail'?"

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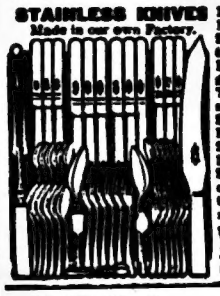

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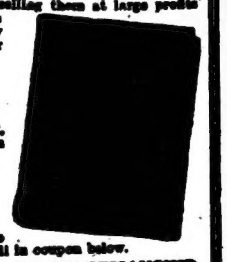

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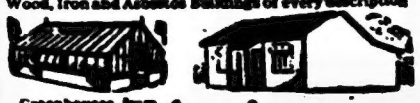

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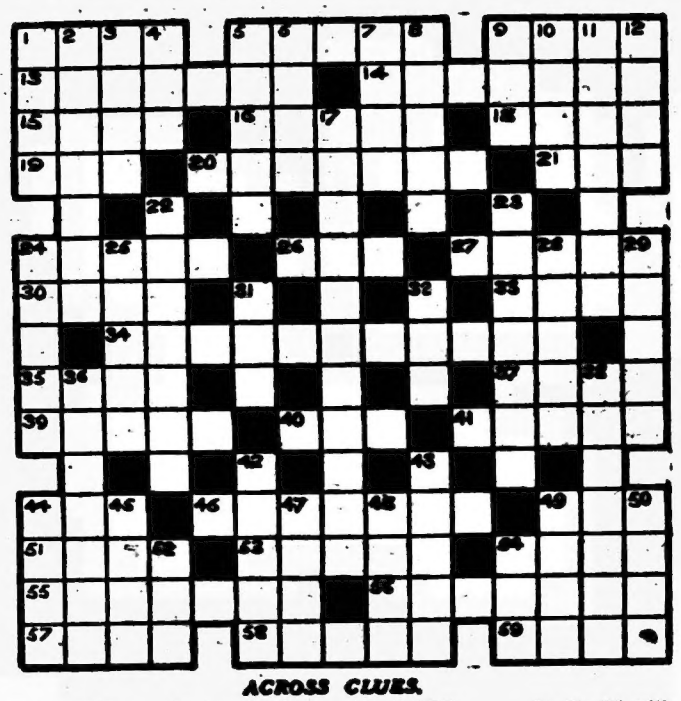

ACROSS CLUES.

1. A solemn command.
5. Mean.
9. A clasp.
13. One chosen to settle a dispute.
14. A dowered widow.
15. To vex.
16. Scraped.
18. Quality of voice.
19. Poem.
20. Small cluster of houses.
21. Merry.
24. Relating to a cube.
26. Liable.
27. Smoked pork.
30. So let it be.
33. Caution.
34. Relating to good eating.
35. Of little bulk.
37. The back of the neck.
39. A weight.
40. Driedgrass.
41. East Anglian river.
44. Pig enclosure.
46. Town on River Thames.
48. To lift with lever.
51. Dash.
53. Character.
54. Raised platform.
55. Relating to fine pottery.
56. A supper-room.
57. A three-spot card.
58. Comfort.
59. Beverage.

CLUES DOWN

1. A gambling game.
2. Heavy infusible metal.
3. Skilful.
4. Neckwear.
5. Danger.
6. Range of Mountains.
7. A notion.
8. Evade.
9. Headgear.
10. Alert.
11. American Parliamentarian.
12. To plunder.
17. Morbid impulse to steal.
22. Concerning money.
23. A precious stone.
24. Division of a poem.
25. Commence.
28. Tropical food-bearing plant.
29. Not at any time.
31. Consumed.
32. Successful.
36. One who gets a move on.
38. Childish.
42. Top room.
43. Mechanical measure.
44. A clan.
45. Norfolk river.
47. Curved construction over space.
48. Pleasant.
49. A step.
50. Belgian river.
52. Negative.
54. Flat fish.

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"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners

(*Continued from page 39*)

C. G. Hart, 23, Benson Rd., Soho, B'ham.
V. E. Hayes, 137, Wendover Rd., Aylesbury.
J. Hendry, 14, Westmoreland St., Glasgow.
F. J. Howe, 123, Fore St., Exeter.
Mrs. A. Hubbard, 19, Council Houses, Whitburn.
C. W. Johnson, 43 Mess, R.N.B., Devonport.
J. H. Johnson, Barker's Yard, Marshchapel, Linos.
J. J. Jupp, Rose Cottage, West Bank, Barking.
G. W. Kirk, 14, Oxton Rd., Southwell, Notts.
Miss Laidler, 253, Coatsworth Rd., Gateshead.
W. Leopold, 104, Adelaide Rd., London, N.W.
A. S. Manning, P.O. Stores, Bedford St., W.C.
L. G. Markley, 13, Devonshire Rd., Gillingham.
H. Martin, 28, Carlton Rd., Bournemouth.
S. Mastrell, 314, High St., Chatham.
J. Meehan, 5, Nicholas Av., Dublin.
Mrs. T. Menzies, Migvillaire, Ballinluig, Perth.
F. B. Middleton, 35, The Crescent, Letchworth.
D. Minister, 67, Holborn Av., Swinton Dale.
J. B. Mitchell, 29, Regent St., Greenock.
H. E. Mitchell, 42, Upper. Kent St., Leicester.
F. V. Moon, 14, Lawrence Pountney Lane, E.C.
S. Parfitt, 9, Lower Lot'g, Mountain Ash.
J. Partington, 21, York St., Haywood.
F. G. Pepper, 56, Bruin St., Leicester.
R. Pierce, 16, Swayfield Av., Charlton-cum-Hardy.
G. C. Plant, 5, West St., Dudley.
W. Reade, 473, Manchester Rd., Heaton Chapel.
F. A. Rees, 74, Malefant St., Cathays, Cardiff.
G. A. Riddiford, 13, Ripon St., Hedon Rd., Hull.
J. Roberts, 45, Nook Rise, Wavertree, L'pool.
T. Ross, 29, Moreton Pl., Pimlico, S.W.
Mrs. E. G. Rowden, Wycar House, Bedale, Yorks.
R. Rowlands, Dolawen, Rhosmeirch, Llangefni.
R. Rusling, West Parade, Lincoln.
Miss Sadler, Nightingale Rd., Rickmansworth.
L. Sedgwick, 28, Burgate, Lincoln.
A. A. Seymour, 64, Henderson Rd., Portsmouth.
A. Sharpe, 213 Wragby Rd., St. Giles, Lincoln.
J. Shearer, 6, Harrison Gdns., Bath St., Hereford.
F. Shirrow, 12, Whitehouse St., Aberdeen.
R. A. Sibley, 78, Pyle St., Newport, I.O.W.
A. Simmonds, Otford Cluny, Huntingdon.
E. E. Smallie, 32, Porters Garages Av., Southend.
W. H. Soper, 4, St. Levan Rd., Devonport.
C. Speed, 139, North Rd., Ferndale, Rhondda.
Mrs. A. Stodart, 17, Thanburton Av., Holytown.
F. Stones, 8, Brookside Villas, Grange St., Hull.
J. W. Talbot, 46, Howe St., Hebburn, Co. Durham.
Mrs. F. R. Thursby, 202, Castle St., Salisbury.
H. H. Tomkins, 201, Northfield Av., Ealing.
F. C. Tubby, 63c, Grand Parade, Harringay, N.
W. C. Vine, 48, Chelmsford St., Weymouth.
R. G. Watson, 7, Rickenhall Mans., London, W.
F. C. Watts, 184, Ferndale Rd., Swindon.
H. Weaver, 52, Newton Rd., Sparkhill, B'ham.
D. Weegar, 31, Lorne St., Kirkcaldy, N.B.
Miss M. Whatton, 202, Alfreton Rd., Radford.
Mrs. Wilkinson, 23, Dover St., Rochdale.
C. Williams, Viaduct Rd., Carmarthen.
J. Williams, Cae-Warren, The Bay, Holyhead.
F. J. Woodward, 7, Punt Grove, London, E.
H. Woon, 184, Edward St., New Cross, London, S.E.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 893 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 894.

BRITANNIA
THANKS TO BALDWIN
SOON WED HE WAS RICH
BY ELECTRICITY
THE R.S.A.
RICH UNCLE
IF BRAINS WERE TAXED
SEEN AT PLAY
FOR MOTHER
OLD AND NEW
WHAT SHE TOLD HIM
WHEN BABY'S ASLEEP
IF I WERE WIFE
WORRYING
WHAT THE BARBER SAID
WITH A SIGH
IN LIFE'S SCHOOL
INCOME TAX
SAID TO THE SHOPKEEPER
WHAT IS COAL?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 39, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 12. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 894 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 894, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 893.

The Completed Puzzle.

M	A	H	O	M	E	T	■	C	A	M	P	H	O	R
A	■	O	■	Y	E	S	■	M	A	L	E	■	C	■
T	E	N	■	S	E	A	L	■	A	N	I	M	U	S
I	D	E	A	L	■	R	E	F	U	T	E	■	E	■
N	E	S	T	E	D	■	U	■	R	E	S	T	■	T
E	N	T	R	Y	■	S	T	O	O	L	■	A	N	T
E	■	I	■	O	■	H	■	S	■	S	L	O	E	■
■	C	H	U	R	C	H	■	S	I	M	P	E	R	■
P	O	E	M	■	C	■	S	■	S	■	A	■	H	■
R	O	E	■	M	U	L	C	T	■	D	R	A	P	E
I	■	D	R	O	P	■	A	■	T	A	S	S	E	L
M	■	A	R	A	B	L	E	■	R	E	P	E	L	■
A	M	A	Z	O	N	■	E	V	E	N	■	E	K	E
T	■	L	O	S	T	■	S	I	R	■	C	■	N	■
E	M	P	R	E	S	S	■	L	E	G	A	T	E	E

Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue. This week's cross-word puzzle is above.

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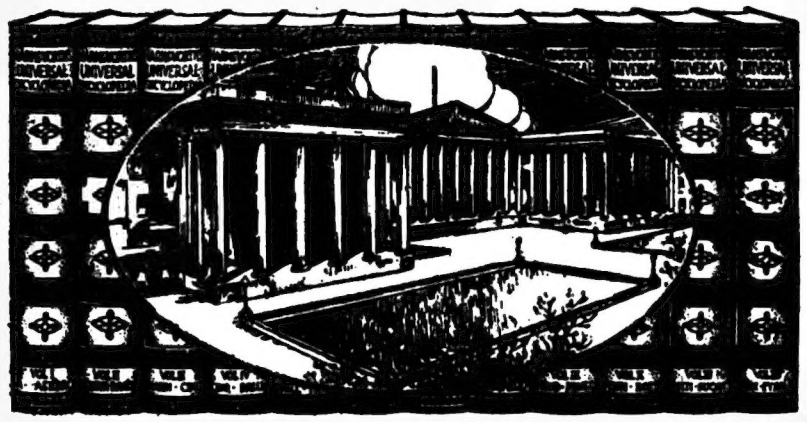

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On Other Pages—

Leverhulme's Last Word, by A Gentleman with a Duster. .... p. 20

Dancing Girls' Downfall	p. 12	Pepper and the Pie Cans	p. 15
Barefaced Housing Diddle	p. 13	Fate's Silver Wedding	p. 26
Four Shady Share Sharks	p. 14	The Cave Man Cupid	p. 28

The Finger on the Trigger, by Sir Graham Bower, K.C.M.G. ... p. 20

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Baldwin to Bat.

With the Coal Commission's report before the Cabinet, the Prime Minister faces a crisis in his career. By silence he has kept his hand free. Broad statesmanship now will restore a basic industry to peace and prosperity.

The Master.

Ministers who tried to "quoer the pitch" in advance must understand that the country has no desire to see the emergency supply "machine" tested. The Cabinet will have to dance to Baldwin's tune.

"What—More Subsidy?"

On the Conservative back benches trouble will threaten if and when the Government asks for the further temporary financial aid which—if there is to be no stoppage—both miners and coal-owners count on. Watch Sir Robert Horne.

Ironing a Wrinkle.

If the coal settlement involves extensive migrations of miners to the better fields, the Government is ready to help by engineering steel dwellings. Better an ironclad house than a mailed fist.

Relieving the Tedium.

The House gossip of Snowden and Lloyd George giving each other "the glad eye" over the land question is—we know for a fact—the idlest flutter. It is notorious that both families would forbid the banns. And talks that matter aren't done with the House looking on.

Between Two Stools.

Mr. Baldwin's present position on the subject of tariffs is well-nigh untenable. Strongly in favour of a Protectionist policy he is bound by his election promises to keep taxes off "necessaries." The breaking-point is in sight, and the country will be asked to decide.

A General Election?

Signs are not wanting that already certain Members of the Government would welcome an appeal to the country. The coal subsidy will be the excuse. But the real issue will be Protection.

Tut, Tut.

At one stage of the Parliamentary debate upon the proposal to send a message of thanks to H.M. the King for his "Gracious Speech" only five Tory M.P.s remained in the House. As an expression of respectful loyalty it doesn't exactly shout!

His Dilemma.

Mr. Churchill is in a pretty quandary. He hedges at a betting tax, flinches from enforcing his advertised economies, and won't confess failure by reimposing the nimble sixpence on the income-tax. Yet he has his big deficit to meet. No wonder the Treasury is "fed up"!

Costly Taxes.

The Chancellor will be ill-advised if he allows himself to be hustled into a number of small luxury taxes. Often these trade-crippling impositions cost so much to collect that they are rendered practically useless for revenue purposes. More profitable mediums are at hand.

What is the Truth?

Excusing the smallness of Italy's debt settlement, Winston Churchill stated that Bonar Law had practically offered cancellation if Italy did not join France in the Ruhr. Mr. Baldwin, who was Bonar Law's treasurer, denies knowledge of such a promise. Will Winston please explain?

Scholars or Soldiers?

The latest proof of the insincerity of the Government's economy protestations is its decision to restore the cadet grant. Doubtless the £15,000 yearly represented by this aid to martial ardour will be taken from money "saved" by the school-starvation campaign.

Delusive "Cuts."

Through its opposition to economy the Admiralty incurs more odium than some departments, not because it is more obstinate, but because it is less subtle. War Office "cuts" amounting to £2,000,000 are being readily accepted *because they were allowed for when the estimates were framed.*

Amery and Amiability.

If Irak is now capable of self-support, why not assure its people we shall clear out in 1928? Mr. Amery answers "because of a certain want of security" as to the future. Exactly. Every day we stay we are committed to unknown liabilities. That's the catch.

Insurance sans Premium.

The First Lord of the Admiralty made a remarkable speech at the Constitutional Club. He harped discordantly upon the possibility that the British Navy might yet have to police the world at the bidding of the League of Nations. We wouldn't mind so much turning ourselves into a militant insurance company if the premiums were adequate.

A Desirable Trinity.

If only the Government would acknowledge the wisdom of combining War, Air and Admiralty under one Minister of Defence, the nation would be the gainer from the standpoint of efficiency as well as financially. This is a truism so obvious that it needs the mentality of a British Cabinet Minister to miss it.

£1,000 FREE INSURANCE BENEFIT PAID

—a grateful acknowledgment

See page 2.

Jobbery and Robbery.

That the public is in the grip of a highly organised system of food robbery is now evident. On this ground, at any rate, the Food Council justifies its existence. It has provided an arsenal of powder and shot which it only wants the law to fire.

Evidence!

Among fraudulent foods is "honey" that never saw a bee and "butter" that never saw a cow. There must also be a good many heads in this country that never saw a brain, or the scandal wouldn't be allowed.

Passing Strange.

More amazing than the fact that high-class firms of fruiterers instruct assistants to give 20 lb. of potatoes and 6 lb. of apples where 24 lb and 7 lb. are paid for is the apathy of purchasers. If goods were taxed by the State to a similar extent a howl of protest would ring from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Now Fight!

When fruit dealers declare it impossible to continue in business without joining the general conspiracy, when servants combine to cheat, and assistants are deliberately trained to defraud it is time for the law to step in. Consumers have suffered too long.

Not So Dusty.

British shipping earned in 1925 £138,000,000. In the same period our foreign investments, amounting to £3,000,000,000, earned interest amounting to £250,000,000. Those who shriek "Britain's going to the dogs!" don't read the signs.

'Ware Storms.

The War Office decision to introduce soldiers into the Feltham repair depot to work by the side of skilled mechanics at Army rates of pay is causing ructions. This is no moment to antagonise four powerful trade unions.

Ministerial "Movies."

Cabinet Ministers are to figure as "movie stars" in films showing them at work in their offices. The result should be an interesting addition to the popular series of "slow motion" pictures.

Q.E.D.

Dr. Macnamara points out that if, proportionately, as many men worked on the land in this country as in Holland not a single one of our million and a quarter unemployed need be drawing the "dole." It would be difficult to find a more convincing argument in favour of land reform.

The Crumbs from the Table.

The firm of Coats is reducing its sixpenny cotton-reels to fivepence-halfpenny. We are not impressed. There have been too many millionaires in this family for our liking. Monopoly and millions have more in common than alliteration.

JOHN BULL

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Keep Football Clean.

All who play football or watch it will support the sentence of three months' imprisonment passed at Falkirk on Donald Douglas, who tried to bribe Joe Shortt, the Stenhousemuir goalkeeper, with £50 to lose a game. We congratulate the goalie on having stopped a dirty shot.

Out of Evil.

We will not comment upon the unsavoury Morriss affair beyond expressing our satisfaction that it may lead to a stiffening of the law and the lengthening of penalties in these cases. The Bill to this effect presented to the House by Mr. Geaves-Lord deserves the support of every clean-minded citizen.

The Gentle German.

"We do not want any thanks, and we regret that our attempts to rescue your poor countrymen were not crowned with better success." Thus spoke Captain Wurpts, of the North German Lloyd liner *Bremen*, on reaching Queenstown with six survivors of the British steamer *Laristan*. It is well that national bitterness should be wiped out in the world-wide brotherhood of sailormen.

The Red Light.

In spite of Colonel F. S. Jackson's assurance that the Cabinet had never considered the question of the disfranchisement of those in receipt of poor relief, the Home Secretary has been driven to acknowledge that he is in consultation with the Minister of Health on the subject. A dangerous admission. Is Sir William Joynson-Hicks anxious to commit political suicide?

Biased Logic.

The members of the United Kingdom Alliance contend that the number of cases where motorists who are only slightly intoxicated are responsible for accidents is a clinching argument in favour of universal prohibition. As logically might they argue that the nation should rigorously be rationed in order to discipline a glutton or two. Warped minds are incapable of grasping a question whole.

Medical Profiteers.

Because the Institute of Pathology at Charing Cross Hospital charges about a quarter of the private fees to the public for blood tests, Sir William Smith, Principal of the Royal Institute of Public Health, is attacking it and invoking the wrath of the British Medical Association. Sir William Smith is keener on getting cash for doctors than on public health by adopting such money-grabbing methods.

Babies Wanted.

Sir Nicholas Grattan Doyle, in attacking birth-control doctrines for the falling birth-rate, puts the cart before the horse. Young people who wish to marry and cannot because of the housing shortage, landlords who bar babies, and the high cost of living are contributory causes. But common-sense reasons of this sort don't seem to count.

Killing the Kiddies' Joy.

For measly, mouldy killjoys you will have far to go to match the Edmonton Education Committee. Local Conservatives raised £250 for a treat for 800 poor mites, and Mr. G. W. S. Jarrett asked head teachers for the names of some children. The committee forbids the teachers to give the names. Evidently vinegar is their beverage or they would not snatch the buns away from eager children.

Scooping Scholarships.

Miss May Yardley, of Peckham, evidently has it where she needs it. When a scholar at the Mina Road School, Southwark, she won the James Watson Trust Fund scholarship, which admitted her to St. Olave's; there she helped herself to an intermediate county scholarship, and later secured an Oxford and London senior county award. At Lady Margaret Hall she took a first-class honours in English; and finally she ran away from twelve men and five women and captured the Charles Oldham Scholarship. May should make her mark.

A Good Samaritan.

Ernest Edgar Pitts, a hawker, fifty-five, stood trembling in the Hull Court. He had robbed his employer, and a sentence was about to be passed which might have meant jail, when the employer, Mr. Albert Morton, pleaded to the stipendiary, "Let me give him another chance." This he was allowed to do, proving himself a good Samaritan in real earnest.

Scrap 'Em!

A private business firm would know how to deal with a losing line, especially if there were no practical means of revivifying it. The deficiency on the year's working of L.C.C. tramways amounts to the huge sum of £278,441. How much more of the ratepayers' money will the Council sacrifice before it recognises that tramways are costly, out-of-date and redundant?

Alexander the Great.

Interest centres round the visit of Mr. Alexander C. Coutroubis to these shores. A leading member of the British colony in Athens and a director in Athens of the British Chamber of Commerce, he comes prepared to place large orders with firms over here. Among contracts hinted at is one for the annual supply of 80,000 tons of coal a year for Greek State railways, and another involving an expenditure of £2,000,000 for building a new town near Athens. Such efforts to promote trade should be well met.

The Human Machine

Mental Ripples

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IF you throw a stone into a pool you will cause ripples to appear on the surface. The ripples spread. Further and further they go, affecting a larger and larger area, until at length they are arrested by the boundaries of the pool.

Let us translate this little happening into the facts of everyday life, for it has a very direct bearing on them.

Each act you commit, each opinion you express, can be likened to that stone you throw into the pool. You have the power to launch an act or throw a thought into the minds of those surrounding you—but you are powerless to say what the result will be or where the effects will end.

I have in mind a man who, faced with a series of disagreeable happenings, became stricken with panic.

Despite the fact that, as it turned out, his panic was not justified, this would not have been of much moment had it not been for the fact *that no man can live to himself alone.*

But he tossed the thought into his colleagues' mind—and the ripples spread, spread in an ever-widening circle as man after man felt the "atmosphere" that had been created and each in turn "got the wind up."

THEN the "bank" was reached. The ripples of panic died away against the shores of hard fact, and a normal atmosphere prevailed once more.

Think before you act; foresee if you can what consequences your acts are likely to provoke. You can do nothing without affecting someone else—never forget that.

Impulse can be a virtue—but it can also be a vice. It is better to let it alone.

Think first and then act. A considered judgment is the one that counts.

*** *Many of Mr. Thompson's previous articles are now reprinted in book form under the title of "The Human Machine." (2s. 6d., post free 2s. 10d. Mills & Boon Rupert Street, London, W.)*

What Is Not Taught.

"One-half the total graves of babes are dug by disease which results from mothers' lack of knowledge," declares Dr. J. R. Kaye, the West Riding Medical Officer of Health. And he is right. Our system of education ignores the mother-destiny of the majority of girls. Time and money are wasted teaching them useless things instead of instructing them in regard to the great purposes of life.

All Above Board.

We congratulate the British Legion not only on the result of their last Poppy Day efforts, which realised over £40,000, but also upon their decision to tabulate in their annual report all payments made to officials and employees. Rightly, they contend that subscribers are entitled to know how and where the money goes. Till made compulsory by law, we advise readers to confine their generous instincts to charities which adopt this plan.

Practical Sympathy.

Only a cold, unsanitary shed had Edwin John Coleman for a home at Deepwade, and in it he existed to the peril of his health, seeing that he was seventy-two. And even from that poor shelter he might have been evicted had not the great-hearts of Deepwade gone to his aid. Their labour transformed the place into a home. The hermit's happiness is their reward. The helping hand is still the best.

Our P.C.s.

It's men like Police-Constable Brown, of Huddersfield, who make the British police force admired of the world. During a terrible blizzard, when a man was blown into the canal, Brown did his best and risked his own life in repeated attempts to save him. Presented with a two-guinea cheque from the Watch Committee, and the vellum certificate of the Royal Humane Society, he said, "I only did my duty." Exactly, but it's the spirit in which duty is done that matters.

Fleecing the Public.

When John Dockeray, of Baggrow, had been induced to embark in a partnership to run steamships between Liverpool and Silloth, the others in it disappeared. Judge Gowan Taylor asked, "Are they still at large?" his opinion being that their operations were robbery, aggravated by the fact that it was proposed to float a company and sell the rotten undertaking to the public. The identity of the plotters ought to be revealed.

The Spirit that Lives.

Urgent was the need for a blood-transfusion volunteer broadcast by wireless at Leeds, and noble the response. Who the patient was or what the reward did not enter the minds of those who went to the General Hospital to offer their life's blood freely. It was enough that one was on the brink and by sacrifice could be saved. So forty men and women, of all classes, offered themselves. The Christ-like spirit still lives in the world.

Park Pests.

In sentencing Augustus Cozens, charged with a particularly loathsome offence, to twelve months' hard labour, the Recorder, at Old Bailey, declared that "no man with his senses about him would dare to go into a public park after dark." If that is true we have arrived indeed at a reign of terror. The authorities must take stronger measures. In a civilised community any thoroughfare, through a park or otherwise, should be safe after dark.

Detecting the "Dud."

We warn readers to be on the look-out for forged Treasury notes, large numbers of which have been put into circulation, especially in North London. So skilful is the workmanship that even experts have been deceived. We are given to understand that the best test is to draw them to and fro between finger and thumb. The dry, clean-feeling note is genuine, while the forgery is sticky to the touch.

His Good Deed.

Miss Mary Castle has been left £1,000 by her employer, a Bermondsey leather manufacturer, whom she served as a cook. She entered the service of Mr. Fawsitt soon after leaving school, and stayed in his service for fifteen years. Thus it is that one good deed provokes another—an axiom far too often overlooked in this world.

Nor Are They Scottish.

Aberdeen is not the most thrifty town in the kingdom. The distinction belongs to Plymouth. It possesses an average of two savings certificates for each of its inhabitants, and the Union Savings Bank, run for local poor men, has had a record year, £262,467 being deposited in small amounts. It's a capital offset to the squandermania that since the war has run through the country like an epidemic, and points the way to a healthier era.

A Dear Trip.

The Building Acts Committee estimated that Mr. Topham Forrest, the L.C.C. architect, could manage an official trip of enquiry to America on an allowance of £350 for expenses. Mr. Forrest claims he spent £630, and the district auditor has allowed £470. Has America anything to teach us in the way of building construction to justify the outlay? Even so, we would engage to find a competent man who would do the job at half the price.

Expensive Busybodies.

We have yet to learn that the borough of Willesden is run more efficiently than its neighbours. A resident we questioned replied, "Not so as you'd notice it." Yet it has the doubtful distinction of being the most official-ridden district in the county area. Almost every municipal officer has his deputy. No wonder an annual rates increase of £14,000 is threatened; nor that indignation meetings are the order of the day.

Who Is Right?

Judge Sir Thomas Granger, at Southwark County Court, recently refused to grant an order for possession of rooms occupied by a woman and her family of ten, remarking that, in view of the falling birthrate, people with ten children should be encouraged. Yet in other courts poor women have been told that they "ought to know better" than to have such large families. Such conflicting opinions are a little bewildering to those who are brought before them.

Girlish Folly, Grown-up Silliness.

How pretty Jean McDonald, at nineteen years of age, posed as an heiress, and hoodwinked her guardians into believing she had come into money, was told at Glasgow Sheriffs Court when Jean was sent to Borstal for three years. "Your downfall," commented the sheriff to the girl, "is due to feminine vanity, folly and ostentation." He might have added, "helped by the simplicity of people who handed over £350 on the strength of a lame tale." But as usual that aspect of the youthful swindler's success was conveniently forgotten.

A Man to Watch.

Under the new Guardianship of Infants Act Mrs. Daisy Elizabeth Hall applied for and received at North London Police Court the custody of her four-year-old son. Separated from her husband by legal enactment, the man had threatened to take the boy and shoot the lot of them. Even when the magistrate made the new order in favour of the mother the father shouted, "I'll have that child by crook or by law!" a sure sign that he himself wants watching. The law must see to it.

Contradictory Values.

William Vincent, the labourer who recently attempted to assault a girl whom he had obtained through an employment agency, has tried the same trick again at Bedford. This time, however, he was apprehended and sentenced to nine months' hard labour. In a case that was heard just before Vincent appeared in court, another man received twelve months for stealing a tin of petrol worth 6s. 3d. In the eyes of the law it would seem that a 6s. 3d. article is of more value than a girl's honour.

Our Heroines.

Thirty-five women who launched the Boulmer lifeboat in a terrible December blizzard will in April be guests in London of the Royal Lifeboat Institution. They will receive a special award for gallantry. It is well deserved. Such women keep the best traditions of our country alive.

Letters of Thanks.

Our article calling for a public enquiry into the affairs of the United Realisation Company, Ltd.—the trust which was formed to investigate the assets of the Liberator Building Society crash—has brought us letters from all over the country. In every instance these letters express sincere thanks to JOHN BULL for its efforts to bring this scandal to an issue. When will the Realisation Company break its long silence and make some definite statement?

Taking Our Chance.

Should you happen across the poster of the Panacea Society in one of the Underground stations, don't get alarmed on account of its gruesome hints at crises yet to come. It is but the vapouring of another crank organisation which professes to render its disciples immune from dangers through the medium of magic water. At the risk of drawing upon ourselves a terrible calamity, we venture to assert that it is only another case of water on the brain.

Sharp-Nosed Sharks.

A Clapton reader had some trouble with his landlord and took the matter to the county court, where judgment was given against him. He complains to us that an annoying sequel of this action has been a veritable flood of moneylenders' circulars which have been showered upon him. One of these obliging gentlemen, Mr. Gilbert Cory, of Ivy Lodge, 17, Grove Road, Stockwell, openly admits how he got our reader's address. These sharp-nosed sharks are quick to scent a possible victim, but in this case there was nothing doing.

Two Months Late.

Many high-spirited lads enter the ranks of the Army under age by making a false statement on enlisting, and much trouble and anxiety is caused to parents in consequence. A case is before us at the moment in which a father is endeavouring to obtain the discharge of his son. Had he applied two months ago all might have been well, but he is now informed that, having turned seventeen, the boy must be bought out at a cost of £38. When will recruiting authorities adopt the reasonable precaution of demanding birth certificates from all recruits?

An Obligation Fulfilled.

A Cardiff reader writes to thank us for assistance rendered in a matter of business. Some time ago he advanced £5 to a man named Michael in order to secure an agency for Morgan's Publications, Goodwyn House, 4, Fitzroy Square, W.1. He heard nothing more, however, and sought our advice. We were able to locate Mr. Michael at 368, Gray's Inn Road, and to remind him of his obligation. Michael's business had failed, and he had been made a bankrupt, but he is paying back the £5 in weekly instalments of £1.

Tea Touts Unlimited.

Tea touts are very busy all over the country. Enquiries reach us concerning the Regent Tea Co., 41, Sheaf Street, Sheffield; the Northern Counties Tea Company, 116, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester; the Dominion Stores, 30a, Frederick Street, Cardiff; and the L. and M. Tea Stores, 1, Fitzalan Road, Cardiff. All these concerns induce housewives to take their brands regularly by offering tempting cash bonuses. But all are careful to state on their circulars that payment will not be made "in any given time." What a preposterous "guarantee."

ALMOST A CRIME
It would be almost a crime to miss the good thing on page 3. Turn to it now!

Problems of Life

The Scandal-Monger

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

I AM sitting on the deck of a Nile steamer. It is a wonderful scene, this mighty river without a tributary, and the fertile territory spread like a ribbon along both banks.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

At intervals we pass the ruins of temples thousands of years old, but with the figures carved on them as vivid and clear-cut as though they had been placed in position no farther back than yesterday.

Here was the fountain-head of civilisation. It all began here, so long ago that Europe and America in comparison can hardly be said to have made a start yet.

A solemn antiquity broods over all we see, but it is being modernised and—Robert Hichen says—vulgarised.

Let me tell of something that happened recently among some tourists near this spot.

A FEW travellers were discussing the downfall of certain public men through failings of one sort and another—chiefly drink. One unpleasant-looking talker made a sneering reference to the social ruin which had overtaken a once highly placed person.

He went on to enlarge upon it and to make further slanderous comment upon the private life of his unfortunate victim, but I was glad to note that his remarks were not well received by the others.

Presently an American spoke up.

"Say," he called: "Is this a piece of your autobiography you are giving us?"

That ended the conversation. The American turned to me a little later and said: "Bugs like that fellow will befoul any scene or any company."

Go into almost any circle and you are likely to find its members indulging in gossip, and the very essence of gossip is malice. There would be no gossip if there were no evil spoken or heard.

Most of us only find the discussion of our fellows interesting when there is something discreditable to say about them.

THE late Dr. Parker of the City Temple once sat silent while some of his brethren were engaging in spiteful criticism of the absent.

There came a pause, broken by the great preacher's tremendous voice. "Don't waste any time," he exclaimed, "is there no other dear friend whose reputation we can destroy?"

It is to our shame that so many otherwise kindly persons should love gossip. The fact that they do is a revelation of the evil in their hearts.

If there were no listeners there would be no slanderers.

Ill-natured comment upon the doings of others should be as impossible to a decent mind as murder. for murder it is

DANCING GIRLS' DOWNFALL

ROGUES WHO RIDICULE "JIX"

A Blot Across Britain

WE have frequently denounced the law governing evil drinking resorts in London and the provinces; and we have called upon Home Secretary after Home Secretary to take steps to put an end to what is really a terrible menace to the community.

There are hundreds of awful haunts in existence, and their chief frequenters are white-slave traffickers, crooks out to blackmail victims enticed there, doubtful women who pose as dancing instructresses, and "mugs" out for a spree.

Who can say how many men have been bled to death by blackmailers after being lured to these dens? Who can say how many innocent victims have been robbed after being plied with drink at fancy prices?

And who can say how many young girls from town and country have fallen into the hands of the white-slave traffickers at these haunts?

A fortunate rescue

A very sad case is that of Cecile Clayton, a young girl whose love of "life and laughter" led her to night clubs. She was well educated and well bred; but once in the throes of hectic night life, she began to sink lower and lower until she began to steal. She was rescued at the eleventh hour, or her fate might have been terrible indeed.

In much the same way, a young girl of twenty, named Pearl Cheskin, was lured to the West End by "friends," becoming a "dancing instructress" in a so-called night club. She followed the downward grade, and was recently convicted of theft but, fortunately for her, was bound over.

But the night life had her in its merciless toils and the other night, at the Harmony Club in Wigmore Street, she stole a necklet. Her theft was discovered and she was brought before Mr. Halkett at Marylebone Police Court.

The probation officer spoke up for the girl. "She is crazy on dancing, and night clubs are her ruination. If she would only keep away from night clubs she would be all right."

The Home Secretary

Mr. Halkett did not send Pearl to jail. Night clubs were indeed her ruination—just as they have been the ruination of others like her. He gave her two months to think the matter over. She has promised not to go to night clubs again.

Another painful case, which we have just had investigated at Cardiff, concerns a nineteen-year-old Welsh girl named Madeline Naylor, who came to London a little while back as a probationer nurse.

Unexpected turn

Within a few weeks of her arrival she found herself in the dock! Here again the blame lies at the door of a night club.

Madeline set out one evening with a companion in search of innocent amusement, and fate directed their steps to a small club where they made the acquaintance of a man named Lee, who was most affable.

Madeline met Lee on several subsequent occasions, and shortly afterwards he took her to a garage at Stoke Newington, with another man named Klein. He told her they were going to fetch a car, and that he would take her to a race-meeting.

But at the garage events took a sudden and unexpected turn. Several men appeared on the scene and grappled with Lee and Klein. Thinking they were attacked by roughs, Madeline went to her companions' assistance.

The "roughs," however, proved to be detectives, and Lee and Klein were arrested for stealing a car. Lee was acquitted and Klein was sent to prison.

Madeline was brought up at Westminster Police Court, charged with assaulting the police; but the magistrate bound her over for twelve months. She had a narrow escape, and is not likely to visit night clubs in future.

Recently we urged the police to raid many dens, amongst which was the "Havinoo Club" in Ham Yard, run by Freddie Ford.

Laughing at the law

This man is a notorious figure in the underworld, and has been exposed by us many times. He has just been brought up at the London Sessions charged with selling drink illegally.

In the dock he adopted a most insolent attitude, and spoke slightingly of the Home Secretary's efforts at coping with the night-club menace. His audacious attitude is typical of the light in which Sir William Joynson-Hicks is regarded in the underworld.

In spite of the fact that a number of previous convictions were proved against him, including three of fifteen months and one of five years' penal servitude (the latter for wounding), Ford escaped with the ridiculously light sentence of four months' imprisonment. A nice kind of fellow to run a "perfectly *bona fide* club"!

Sharks of the Stage

A Rogue's Many Names

MUCH has lately appeared in the press about the so-called "Prince of Bogus Managers," Cecil Leslie Hardy. But the real story has not been told.

Although Hardy was not, as he has been termed, the "Prince of Bogus Managers," he was one of the worst. He has stranded many companies, but there are at large to-day a number of other rascals who are doing the same with impunity.

* * *

Their stock-in-trade is to band artistes together and obtain money from them in return for alluring contracts. Then they take them on tour and leave them, after a brief run, without paying them their salaries.

Poor landladies who depend for a livelihood upon providing board and lodging for "professionals" are often the worst victims.

Not so very long ago, Hardy started a show called "What's the Odds?" This production toured for a week or two, but the artistes received nothing like the salaries they were entitled to. Then the show suddenly broke down altogether and Hardy disappeared.

* * *

The accounts which have already appeared about Hardy are not informative enough to give most of his victims a direct clue to his identity.

The following particulars provide the missing links, and will convince a large number of dupes that this man, convicted of attempted bigamy last week, is a scoundrel who has also victimised them under various names.

When we say that Cecil Leslie Hardy has also masqueraded up and down the country in the names of *Teddy Astor*, *Teddy Cecil*, *Teddy Leslie*, *Teddy Harland* and *Teddy Ascot*, a much larger number of people will indeed be able to identify the man as the real rogue he is.

Among this many-named impostor's victims there are defrauded landladies; theatrical artistes whom he has, in one or another of the above aliases, stranded; housekeepers he has left without paying his rent and poor girls victimised by him in a manner which can here be only hinted at.

And the real scandal is that he has not been punished for his theatrical exploits.

* * *

There is no law by which a bogus manager can be brought to book unless, as in this case, he departs from his usual practices and resorts to some other crime for which the law can impose a penalty.

That is why the Government should turn its attention to the task of introducing legislation by which "bogus managers" can be punished for *bogus management*. Then, and not till then, will a great profession be cleansed.

Burroughs' Big Bluff

A Man of Many Addresses

A MAN who has played ducks and drakes with other people's money is Mr. Frederick Burroughs, of 27, Stuart Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.

About three years ago he was the leading light in a concern called Burroughs and Cornelius, of 10, Grove Vale, London, S.E., which advertised for representatives to tour the country with an excellent line of envelopes and paper and general stationery, and applicants rolled in.

Mr. Burroughs pointed out that it was impossible to let all and sundry members of the unemployed go about with valuable consignments of his stationery. How did he know that they would not give a false address, sell his goods and decamp with the money?

Startling discovery

But he arranged to get over this difficulty by imposing upon all his travellers an obligation to leave £3 as security against samples, and hundreds of unemployed members of the public raked together their £3 and paid it over.

Then they discovered that the stationery was not nearly so valuable as they had been led to believe. In fact, very few people would accept it as a gift, and disappointed applicants began to ask for their money back.

They did not get it. The Camberwell Road Police station received many complaints, and queues of duped people lined up unavailingly at Grove Vale.

For some time after that Mr. Burroughs was missing. When he reappeared it was as F. Burroughs, Wireless Merchant, of Albany Street, N.W. He played the same sort of game here, only substituting "wireless accessories" for "general stationery."

To this day, people who answered his advertisements are anxiously awaiting the goods they ordered or the return of their money.

The police then interrupted Mr. Burroughs' activities. But not for his wireless wangles or stationery swindles. He was charged a few months ago and given a month's imprisonment for driving to the public danger, whilst being drunk in charge of a motor cycle.

A bargain problem

After meditation in jail, he blossomed forth as Burroughs and Godfrey, of Macdermot Road, Peckham.

When complaints became too numerous, he opened out as F. Armstrong, at 664, Old Kent Road, in each case making wireless his ostensible trade.

Now this slippery twister is busy at other addresses in Camberwell, offering half-plate cameras for £2 15s. apiece, £3 10s. overcoats at 17s. 6d., and £3 15s. raincoats for 18s. 6d.

How he can manage to sell goods at such "bargain" prices is a problem to ponder.

Cohen and the Cat's-paw

Dodging the Law

IN the last few years the textile trade alone has suffered losses to the extent of something like £30,000,000 through long-firm frauds, and it is clearly time for drastic steps to be taken to put an end to this scandalous method of trading.

As we have so often pointed out, it is usually only the pawns in the game who are brought to book, while the real scoundrels get away.

One of the ringleaders, who has figured in many of our exposures, is a singularly elusive rascal named Charles Cohen.

He it was who obtained £10,000 worth of goods from unsuspecting wireless manufacturers before calmly going "bankrupt." Not only did he leave his creditors without a penny on that occasion, but he also succeeded in evading the law.

A calm admission

He was also closely concerned with a man named Hyman Gershon Weiner, who went to prison for a fraud involving nearly £12,000. After Weiner's arrest, Cohen disappeared completely, and it was thought that he had skipped to America.

Whether that was actually so or not, we cannot say; but it is interesting to note that Cohen's name cropped up again in a less pretentious case which recently came before Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., at the Old Bailey.

The occasion was the trial of a fur-dealer, calling himself Abraham Benjamin, but whose real name was Abraham Rabinovitch.

Benjamin admitted having obtained credit by fraud. He had been adjudicated bankrupt in December last, as the outcome of a meeting of his creditors in the previous month.

He attributed his losses partly to his transactions with Charles Cohen, and declared that he had lost £1,375 through the latter's disappearance.

Investigation of Benjamin's affairs revealed the fact that he had obtained goods at a time when he must have known that he had not the slightest chance of ever being able to pay for them.

Law's short arm

They also revealed the fact that he had certainly had dealings with Cohen, but whether the latter was part of his fraudulent scheme or not, it was impossible to say, for he was untraceable.

In sentencing Benjamin to ten months in the second division, Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., remarked he would have imposed a far heavier sentence had the maximum for such offences been what it should be.

Sir Ernest also remarked that, as there was a dispute about the genuineness of Cohen, he had not taken that into account.

So another cat's-paw has gone to jail, and Cohen remains free.

Where is this man? And why is he not found? Is he quite beyond the reach of Scotland Yard?

BAREFACED HOUSING DIDDLE

BRITISH ECONOMY ASSOCIATION: THE WHOLE TRUTH

A Brick-and-mortar Muddle

SOME months ago we turned the light of publicity on to the activities of a man named William James Cordwell, the leading spirit behind a concern called The British Economy Association, Limited.

From the commencement, when The British Economy Association was housed in two back rooms in New Oxford Street, W.C., clients began to roll up in large numbers.

These misguided home-seekers, impressed by the magnificent literature of the company, were induced to pay money as deposits towards houses the company promised to build for them.

After a little while, when The British Economy Association had moved to 140, High Holborn, complaints began to reach us and we soon discovered that the concern was not what it purported to be. We said so.

After our exposure we were inundated with further complaints from readers who rushed to us for advice. Incidentally, Mr. Cordwell rushed to us, too. But he did not rush to us in quite the same manner as he told some of his victims he had.

A libel threat

According to the stories we heard Mr. Cordwell had emphatically stated that our article was a tissue of lies, and that he had commenced proceedings against us for libel.

Nothing of the kind. What Mr. Cordwell did was to invite our Special Commissioner to a meeting at Essex Hall, "to discuss the position."

At this meeting a large number of disillusioned house-seekers were present, and Cordwell regretted that he had not got any of the money left, and that, as JOHN BULL had spoken of him so harshly, he called the meeting to ask his victims what he should do.

The meeting ended with the formation of a committee of management, to go into the matter to see if anything could be saved from the wreck. The committee soon discovered that nothing could be done, and the company went into liquidation.

An amazing document

To-day, months after, we are in possession of an amazing document just issued by the Official Receiver. It is crammed with many remarkable financial transactions concerning which Mr. Cordwell should be most certainly called to account.

Cordwell formed the company, with a nominal capital of £100, which was afterwards increased. At the time the concern went into liquidation its issued capital was £603!—not a very staggering amount with which to build impressive bungalows for clients in all parts of the country.

Mr. Cordwell, who had the magnificent sum of £1 invested in his priceless concern, was made "Governing Director for life," and it was "mutually agreed" that he should draw £7 10s. a week salary, which sum was later increased (on account of his "valuable" services) to £10 10s.

It was, of course, extremely generous of Mr. Cordwell to draw such sums when he knew that the company, in whose name he was trading, was practically without funds.

As a matter of fact, most of the total capital of £603 was obtained from misguided investors on the objectionable investment-with-employment plan. Therefore, these salaries were being paid, and the expenses of the company taken, from the deposits received from people in respect of houses!

The extent to which Cordwell went with his schemes is illustrated by the fact that the company's books show that not less than £14,000 was received by way of deposits for houses to be erected, although in the majority of cases no work was commenced by Cordwell or his company, while little of the money has been refunded.

But very considerable sums of money were drawn for the personal benefit of Cordwell and his associates, and tremendous sums are accounted for as "expenses."

It appears, for instance, that a sum of £1,370 was paid direct to Cordwell, who states that this amount—together with other sums totalling £1,177 paid to other officials of the concern—was mostly used for the ordinary business of the company. Cordwell has not produced any evidence to support this statement, however, and we should be interested to know why.

Mr. E. T. A. Phillips, the Official Receiver, who has the affairs of this extraordinary housing ramp in hand, is of the opinion that "the failure is due to gross mismanagement."

Gross mismanagement, true. But is the matter to be left there?

A game to be stopped

Is Mr. Cordwell, who has been connected with other financial disasters in the past, to be permitted to come along again and, without official hindrance of any kind, be allowed to register another company under another impressive name?

We certainly hope not. And, in telling the story of this fiasco, with its countless victims who have paid away their life-savings for houses they have not got, is it too much to ask that the company laws be amended to prevent such a monstrous scandal from occurring again?

Scotching a Scoundrel

"Smart Men" Trapped

SOME time ago Mr. John Newbould, of Monmouth Road, East Ham, answered an advertisement stating that "smart men" were required by a builder. He received a reply from William Spackman, who was supposed to be in a large way of business as a builder and decorator in Ilford.

An interview with Mr. Spackman, who was very impressive and plausible, and who told Mr. Newbould that he had plenty of work in hand at Seven Kings and Southend, resulted in the applicant handing over £100, which was to be returnable at a given date.

* * *

Mr. Newbold was to receive a position which carries with it £4 a week salary. He started work but very soon found that Mr. Spackman had little to do, and that he had been caught by a rascal who was not a prosperous builder at all.

He asked for his money back. He could not get it. Then he found that a number of other people had been similarly imposed upon. Eventually the victims went to Spackman and told him that unless he returned their cash they would go to the police.

* * *

Mr. Spackman disappeared, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. A few days ago he was sent to jail for fifteen months with hard labour.

The amazing thing about this case, and about hundreds like it, is that people will not make enquiries before handing over money to any Tom, Dick or Harry who comes along with a rosy proposition.

As a matter of fact, in our issue of February 10, 1923, we devoted a good deal of space to this particular scoundrel. Spackman, who at that time had done precisely the same thing—extracted money from unsuspecting victims to whom he offered jobs in the building line. For this Spackman was then sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment!

Mr. Newbould and his friends, therefore, could easily have ascertained the real character of Spackman had they made enquiries before parting with money to this ex-convict who was also an undischarged bankrupt.

Another point. If anyone goes to the police to-day and asks a plain question as to whether a person has been convicted, the police are compelled to reply that they must not divulge the information.

* * *

That is where JOHN BULL differs from the police. Mr. Spackman was, as we have shown here, one of hundreds of scoundrels blacklisted in our Rogues Gallery. And if Mr. Newbould, or any of his fellow victims, had come to us—like many fortunately did—he would not have lost his money.

FOUR SHADY SHARE SHARKS

GEEN'S GAMBLE FOR GREENHORNS

Finance in a Fog

UNDER the Business Names Act, it is necessary for individuals who are trading in an assumed title to show their real names on their note-paper and principal printed matter.

A firm which has failed to do this, thereby rendering itself liable to a penalty not exceeding £50, is the Inter-Empire Finance & Investment Co., late of 189, Regent Street, W.1.

But this is not the only charge which may be levied against this concern, whose leading lights would appear to be four gentlemen named Wegoda, Hoare, Latcah and Geen.

About a year ago they broadcast the news that they had been very fortunate in obtaining control of some interesting share propositions in a British Columbian company called Whitewater Mines, Ltd. These shares, in fact, they described as "a highly desirable issue."

An alarming admission

Let us see how desirable it really was. A Stirling reader, for example, sent fifteen guineas to the Inter-Empire Finance and Investment Co., and waited for her share certificates.

She wrote several times to these financiers, but nothing was forthcoming. At length, her patience being exhausted, she applied for a refund of her money.

She received a letter from somebody whose signature is like a series of circles written on top of one another, pointing out that, although it was not usual for people to purchase shares and then "cancel the arrangement so long after," her money would be returned as a special case.

This letter also contained an alarming admission. "We have never received any share certificates from the Whitewater Company," it ran, "and we are demanding the return of all monies paid to them. We expect to receive this very shortly, within a week, and will then return to you the amount you sent."

That was in June last. It is difficult to understand why the Inter-Empire Finance and Investment Co. should have openly admitted that it had not received any shares from the Whitewater Company.

Trading without stock

Only six months before, when it had been asking people to buy shares, it stated that it had been "very fortunate to have obtained control of this highly desirable issue."

A peculiar form of control, indeed, to be in the position to sell shares you haven't got!

However, a week passed, and still the money was not returned. The Stirling reader sent further letters of reminder, but they were ignored.

Then she received a letter, signed by the same gentleman with the mysterious signature. Nothing definite had been finally settled, it appeared, but the client was assured that "developments made since last writing all point to the fact that we shall be in a position to return the full amount of your money within a short time."

By October last somebody named E. Hoare was signing the letters explaining that he had been asked "by Mr. Wegoda to write mentioning the fact to you that he is at present confined to his bed with a very bad cold, and hopes to be up and about early next week."

The Stirling reader waited another week for Mr. Wegoda to be up and about, but nothing happened. She wrote again to the company, pointing out that it was the return of her money she wanted and not bulletins concerning Mr. Wegoda's ill-health.

Eventually she received a letter, signed "A. L. Latcah," stating that Mr. Wegoda had not yet been able to return to his duties, but had asked Mr. Latcah to "send you the enclosed cheque for £5, on account of the amount owed you by the Inter-Empire Finance and Investment Co."

At the end of November nothing further had transpired, and, after many letters had been ignored, a communication arrived signed "H.Geen," which promised that the remainder of the money would be sent early in the following week. It has not come yet!

There are many people who have had unfortunate dealings with this mysterious concern, which appears to have so many people connected with it, but which shows a strange reluctance to name its real promoters upon its notepaper.

Wonderful bargains

As a matter of fact, the names of Wegoda and Geen are very familiar. Both have been associated with one or two shady concerns which offered "wonderful" shares at bargain prices.

And a very interesting piece of information about Mr. Wegoda is that a receiving order was made against him in the High Court at the beginning of this month.

But let us go back to the Stirling reader's case, in which a sum of money was paid for a specific purpose. The specific purpose has never been fulfilled, and her money has not all been returned. Where is it?

We think that, whoever of the various people connected with the Inter-Empire Finance and Investment Co. is responsible, he had better ponder this question very carefully.

The "Scales" of Justice

Unbalanced Sentences

WE are constantly receiving letters from readers protesting against the diversity of punishments meted out by magistrates and judges.

The other day an old fellow of seventy-one, Archibald Macpherson, was charged at Paisley with embezzling £72 from his employer.

Macpherson had been employed by the same firm for twenty-eight years and his business was to travel about selling drapery goods and collecting accounts.

* * *

A few months ago his employer discovered a shortage in Macpherson's accounts and gave him in charge. The old man admitted the theft, and supplied information concerning all the money he had received.

During the proceedings against him it was given out that he had never received more than 32s. a week in salary! What a pittance for a man entrusted with money!

Sheriff Hamilton described the case as a painful one and, as the old man had never been in trouble before, sent him to jail for six weeks.

We agree with readers who are interesting themselves on Macpherson's behalf that he might have been dealt with under the First Offenders Act.

* * *

But take a worse case—that of Samuel Gumbs, a traveller recently employed by a Manchester publishing concern. Gumbs was charged with obtaining £7 by false pretences in connection with advertisements for parish magazines. Already convicted, he was sentenced to *five years' penal servitude* at the Manchester Assizes!

Gumbs appealed. His appeal came before the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Salter and Acton the other day. The Lord Chief Justice said that the man had made efforts to make good, and his five years' sentence was promptly reduced to eighteen months' hard labour!

A reader asks us to contrast this five-year sentence with that of six years recently passed upon the three Mandeville brothers who year after year robbed the public, not of a paltry £7, but of over £500,000!

"If one were to work out these two sentences as a proportion sum, what a disparity would be the result!" writes our reader. "Cases like these seem grossly to violate the commonsense of justice and fairplay."

* * *

They certainly do. And one wonders what might have happened to the poor fellow Gumbs if he had not gone to the higher court to plead that the scales of justice be more fairly weighted.

Dolour of the Dole

A Crime against Humanity

IT is becoming horribly apparent that, acting upon instructions from Whitehall, local managers of Employment Exchanges are denying unemployment benefit to many deserving workers upon the most flimsy of pretexts.

Last week we received a pitiable appeal for assistance from Albert George Goodall, residing with his wife at Middlesex Wharf, Lea Bridge.

Goodall is only nineteen years of age. He is a capable motor-driver and mechanic, but for twelve months or more he has been without regular employment.

Nevertheless, he has obtained half-a-dozen temporary posts and has worked on the roads. He is without the "dole" because the local Employment Exchange official declares that he is "Not genuinely seeking work."

Terrible poverty

A year ago, Goodall married an industrious young woman, now twenty-one years of age, who, until recently, had been employed as a brush-maker with a local firm. The tragedy which followed her being brought to bed with a child almost beggars description.

She continued at her work until the day before her confinement, and then brought forth a puny creature which weighed less than 3 lb. By dint of care and attention the child is now thriving, though, at the age of nearly four months, it weighs less than 7 lb.

When her panel benefit was exhausted she applied for unemployment benefit. Her wedding-ring had been pawned, and the hapless couple were reduced to a couple of shillings a week from a relative and a food ticket given by the guardians.

Between the receipt of his letter and our arrival upon the scene there had been delivered the familiar buff circular containing the curt intimation that her application had been refused on the ground that she was "Not genuinely seeking work."

Seeking work? Ye gods! How could a frail girl-mother, with a four months' old baby needing her constant attention, seek work? She has to attend the Queen's Hospital for Children, where she is being given special nourishment so that she may transmit it to her tiny baby.

A crown of thorns

The firm for which she worked for so long would willingly take her back if they had work to offer her and she were capable of doing it, but it appears that the officials at the local Employment Exchange wish her to go into domestic service!

We have ample evidence that this is by no means an isolated case, and if such a disgraceful state of things continues, we tell the Chancellor of the Exchequer plainly that the golden halo which he hopes to wear next month will be purchased at the price of a crown of thorns, crushed on to the foreheads of weeping mothers and children.

The Rolling Stone

Profitable Moss-gathering

STONE AND CO., of Cromwell House, High Holborn, W.C.1, are still at their old practices, and, in spite of our repeated warnings, are pestering the public right and left with their home-work scheme.

Time and again we have shown that the schemes, which are sold at 5s. a time, are not worth the paper on which they are printed.

In fact, we very much doubt if E. M. Spikesman, the leading light of Stone and Co., with all his colossal nerve and cunning, could make a living by following his own brilliant suggestions.

But why should he attempt to do so when he finds it more profitable to let others have the benefit of his precious theories?

One avenue closed

We are pleased to note, however, that at least one avenue by which Spikesman endeavoured to approach prospective victims has been closed to him for ever.

The *Stratford Express* has closed its columns to him, and has issued a strong warning to its readers, at the same time apologising for having inadvertently printed one of this gentleman's advertisements in the past.

This advertisement was only a three-line affair, running as follows:

£3 weekly earned at home, chiefly writing. Either sex. Stamp, Stone and Company, Fullwood Place, W.C. 1.

It appeared on January 27, but as it was promptly followed by the newspaper's warning on January 30, we trust that its ends were frustrated.

We should like to see other journals awaking to a sense of duty towards their subscribers, and following the example of the *Stratford Express*.

But Stone and Co.'s advertisements are still appearing elsewhere, and a lady reader complains that she lost 5s. by answering an announcement which appeared in the *Hackney and Kingsland Gazette*.

But it is no use complaining to Stone and Co. once you have parted with your money. They are used to complaints and actually send out printed forms to say that no refund can be made!

Hand-in-glove gang

Spikesman's ramifications are many, and it nearly always happens that would-be home workers, who answer Stone and Co.'s advertisements, receive "following-up" circulars from other quarters.

A. W. Saunders and Co., of 31, Prince Street, Bristol, and The Wallis-Beardmore Trading Company, of 7, St. Nicholas Street, Bristol, would appear to be working hand-in-glove with Spikesman.

Mr. W. G. Furze and Mr. S. W. W. Furze are managers of both the Bristol concerns, and it is curious that, in spite of the different addresses, they boast a common telephone.

All proposals emanating from any of the foregoing sources should be treated with the contempt they deserve.

PEPPER AND THE PIE-CANS

THE "MAJOR" SHOOTS THE MOON

A Double-dyed Detective

HORACE WALTER PEPPER is no stranger to these columns, but in spite of our recent warnings he is carrying on his brazen career as audaciously as ever.

Letters which reach us from all quarters show that Pepper has been carefully spreading his net in connection with his latest venture at 19, Villiers Street, Strand, known as The West End Catering Company.

Pepper has been trying hard to rake in cash by working the job-in-return-for-investment trick.

Sometimes he offers £4 a week and 10 per cent. on net profits, and sometimes £3 a week and 3 per cent. on takings; but in every case he asks for a deposit of £50 "as security."

In view of allegations regarding Pepper, made in complaints from Norfolk, we sent a special representative to obtain full information. His report is most illuminating, and shows that Pepper began his chequered career in his home district, at Wisbech.

Office papered with writs

Bluff and bluster seem to be his strong cards, and he plays them whenever he has the opportunity.

Shortly after demobilisation he made his appearance in Wisbech in a smart-looking car, and obtained a position with an old-established fruit and potato merchant.

Pepper proved a clever salesman, and, shortly after the death of the proprietor of the concern, he blossomed out as managing director.

Business went well. Pepper bought and sold, and gained the confidence of all the small buyers and growers in the district, and of several big firms in various parts of the country. On small deals he always paid promptly, but soon he began to obtain credit, which was not a difficult matter.

Then he started "bilking" his creditors, and, having started, plunged madly on. It was said in the district that Pepper's office was papered with writs!

It was early in 1922 that Pepper, having made Wisbech too hot to hold him, came to London to operate as the Wholesale Agricultural Supplies Company, in Borough High Street.

The only progress which Pepper made was to add to his already extensive circle of creditors.

The priceless Mr. Pepper

Meanwhile, a Wisbech bailiff had dogged Pepper's footsteps from his home county, and had seized his furniture on a bill of sale for £600.

This furniture was sold by auction, and Pepper instructed a man named Basham, who was his agent at Wisbech, to make certain purchases.

Mr. Basham bought a quantity of office furniture, and had it forwarded on to Pepper, who has never paid one penny for it. In this respect, and for salary and commission, Pepper owes his agent something like £130.

A new line

With Pepper now grown reckless it is not to be wondered at that the Wholesale Agricultural Supplies went into liquidation.

In 1924 he struck out in an entirely new direction and opened the Covent Garden Club, in Great Queen Street. Here he obtained wines and food and cigarettes on credit from small traders, and continued merrily until he was fined £80 at Bow Street for selling drinks during prohibited hours and without a licence.

He next took some premises at 54, Long Acre, which he stated were for "offices," but proceeded to convert these premises in a very drastic manner. He knocked down partitions, built counters and lined the walls with wine-shelves and gambling machines.

The detective detected

But his landlord has more to complain of than that. In January, 1925, Pepper "shot the moon," and to this day the rent has never been paid.

His next appearance was in Mercer Street, W.C., where he opened up as "Pepper's Enquiry Service," as Jarvie and Co., Business Advisers, and as "Pepper's Detective Bureau."

He left this address too without paying the rent, for "Detective" Pepper was himself arrested for obtaining money by false pretences, and sent to jail for nine months!

This charge was the outcome of his Long Acre "club" venture, in which he had obtained £25 from a man by fraud, who prosecuted him.

Yet to-day, fresh from jail, Pepper is still pursuing his investment-with-employment projects. His latest move has been to acquire premises in Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, where he has opened up a branch office of his so-called West End Catering Company. And there he is building bars in the same way as he did at the Long Acre premises.

We sincerely hope that this exposure will end Pepper's chances of securing further victims, and also that the police will keep a strict eye on his future activities.

Doors to Disaster

The Dance Partner Danger

CONTINENTAL morals are frequently sneered at, but to judge from some of the advertisements which appear in the *Dancing Times*, we British scarcely have cause to "cast the first stone."

In one of these advertisements a gentleman of forty-seven, describing himself as of medium height and spare build, "would like to meet long-suffering lady who would act as instructress and partner while on leave in 1926. Dark slim lady and one fond of motoring and sailing preferred. Photos. exchanged. Box . . ."

* * *

"Photos. exchanged" sounds intriguing, but for the sake of the safety of the "dark slim lady" references exchanged would be more to the point.

Then a public school ex-officer of thirty, "having large car and chauffeur, good dancer and horseman, would like to meet attractive and interesting young lady of breeding with similar tastes, who would be his guest." The identity of this cavalier is also concealed under a box number.

* * *

The lady who flatters herself that she answers his requirements will probably find the advertiser a spineless type of manhood, a frequenter of night clubs, and any girl who answers such an advertisement, even for fun, stands the risk of being dragged into the vortex of London's underworld.

It is only common-sense to suppose that if there were no ulterior motive behind such an advertisement, the ex-officer should have no difficulty whatever in finding a dancing partner among the girls in his own set.

Another, a modest gentleman of forty, who admits that he is not very proficient, "would like to meet young lady as partner for occasional evening dances and shows, good dancer, not over 5 ft. 7 in., social position immaterial, but must be educated, *sporty*, and up to date. All expenses paid. Full particulars, in confidence, to Box . . . ."

This offer to an unsophisticated "sporty" girl might sound as though life were going to prove "one grand sweet song."

The "particulars in confidence" will doubtless put many would-be "sporty" girls' hearts in a flutter, but it is quite a fallacy to suppose that many educated and up-to-date women would wish to place themselves under such an obligation, and it would be stupidity for an inexperienced girl to reply to such an offer.

* * *

Man may be "born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," but we hope that no nice girls will be caught by the sparks emanating from these artful advertisements under the mistaken notion that they have found Romance.

Such haphazard introductions are all very well in novels, but Life is different.

LITTLE JOAN'S BIG CHEQUE

MAYOR PRESENTS OUR £1,000 GIFT

The Silver Lining

JOAN LAIGHT, the six-year-old survivor of the terrible Worcester murders of last November, was the centre of a touching though happy little ceremony last week.

Our readers already know how our decision was made to pay her £1,000 under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Laight, who, with their baby Bobby, were done to death in circumstances of awful horror, were readers of the paper.

Joan Laight

The terms of the agreement were not fulfilled, but we waived that consideration, and decided to let Joan have the full benefit.

The Mayor's compliment

Arrangements were immediately made to form a trust fund to be administered on behalf of the little victim, with Mr. W. H. Ricketts, a prominent local solicitor, and Mrs. Kate Harrison, licensee of the "Green Man," who is Joan's grandmother, as trustees.

On Friday last the Worcester magistrates met specially in the local police court for the presentation to be made. Twelve members of the Bench were present, and the Mayor of the borough, Alderman W. J. Hill, acted on behalf of JOHN BULL, Joan being present with her guardians.

Alderman Hill made some reference to the terrible tragedy by which the happy home of a local family was broken up.

"Fortunately," he said, "it has been found that, to a large extent as the result of the public-spirited way in which a Londen newspaper had acted, the future of the only survivor has been provided for in a very unexpected fashion.

"A meeting of the proprietors of the newspaper decided not to take advantage of any technicalities, and they have handed me a cheque for £1,000 and asked me to present it to this little girl."

The future assured

At this point Joan herself was lifted by her aunt, Mrs. Griffiths, on to the table in front of the Mayor and the Chief Constable of Worcester, Mr. Oswald Cole.

The audience were moved at the spectacle of the smiling mite with a cheque for so large a sum in her chubby hand, the value of which she did not realise.

All hoped, too, that she never would realise the infinite loss she had sustained, and for which she could not be compensated by the wealth of the whole world.

The Mayor went on to say how the trustees had been appointed, and how they had already made arrangements for the money to be invested for Joan's benefit until she attained her majority.

When that event occurred she would have a substantial sum which would relieve her of any immediate anxiety so far as her financial position was concerned.

Time the healer

Mr. Ricketts, the trustee, on behalf of Mrs. Harrison, expressed gratitude to JOHN BULL for acting in such a manner.

The paper, he said, could quite easily have taken advantage of the various technicalities which would have given them a good defence against any claim. It had decided not to take that advantage.

So ended the ceremony. Joan smiling back to the many friends of her parents who thronged the court.

Alderman W. J. Hill, Mayor of Worcester

Later, however, when Joan was alone with her granny and her aunt, she relapsed into her serious little self again. For she is a sad child, at times.

What passes through her mind none can say, though she calls often enough in the night watches for "Mummy and Daddy."

But there is a wonderful power of healing in the child mind, and it is not too much to expect that, in time, she will be as other children, happy and care-free.

Abraham the Audacious

An Impudent Betting Schemer

PEOPLE in various parts of the country are being favoured with circulars inviting them to make bets on behalf of a concern called James Wilton, Ltd., 30, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.1, and many have written to ask our advice.

Having looked carefully into the affairs of James Wilton, Ltd., we are able to state that it is a decidedly shady concern, whose offices are over a fishmonger's shop. The man behind the scenes is a notorious figure in moneylending and racing circles, named Abraham Moses Martin.

A widespread net

Amongst the many letters which have reached us are some from Bargoed, Wales; Cheshunt, Herts; and Langton, Staffs. So it will be seen that a most extensive net has been spread by Martin.

The circulars of James Wilton, Ltd., come straight to the point. "Your name having been passed to us as being interested in the sport of Kings, we beg to submit for your consideration particulars of a business opportunity which we trust will appeal to you."

So runs the opening paragraph, and most recipients are at a loss to know where their names can have been "passed" from.

Then follows an offer of 10 per cent. on winning bets that have been placed by clients. "We, of course, guarantee to settle all losses each Monday morning, and you, on your part, will not fail to forward us winnings as shown," is the exact phrasing used.

Colossal impudence

But experience has shown that a client may become personally indebted to his bookmaker for losses which James Wilton, Ltd., has failed to meet.

About a year ago the firm of James Wilton, Ltd., was inviting clients to do business of a very different nature. Moneylending was then its particular line, and the public was being invited to apply for advances of any amount up to £1,000.

As a matter of fact the firm of James Wilton, Ltd., was registered at Somerset House, in December, 1924, for the purpose of lending money.

Its nominal capital is £100 in £1 shares, and to this day—according to the official files at Somerset House—only £2 has been subscribed.

This amount has been put into th concern by Abraham Moses Martin (of "Killis," Bridge Lane, London, N.W. 11) and by Alma Pearl Ruth Martin, of the same address.

So, quite apart from being able to lend all and sundry amounts up to £1,000 from a couple of pounds in hand, it will be seen how impudent are the present circulars of James Wilton, Ltd., alias Abraham Moses Martin and his spouse.

It looks as though the scheme adopted by Abraham to get mugs to make bets on behalf of this £2 company is an ingenious move to increase the capital of James Wilton, Ltd.

By backing the gee-gees at other people's expense—on the "heads I win tails you lose" basis—he will quickly swell the coffers of the concern, unless the public leave the proposition severely alone.

A flagrant flat-trap

Another interesting point about the audacious Abraham is that when he was sued some time ago by a firm of commission agents for betting losses he courageously pleaded the Gaming Act!

Beware of this flagrant flat-trap!

A Dry-Land Voyage

A Discoverer of "Mugs"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, and since that time various other individuals have endeavoured to discover other parts of the world.

A gentleman named Captain F. Graham-Parry set out some time ago on an expedition "to the South Seas." At least, he planned "to set out."

A couple of years ago he advertised for men to join his expedition, which sounded very alluring, as shooting, pearl fishing and filming were to be features of the affair.

Several people called upon Captain Graham-Parry, who began his expedition operations from Lilley Road, Fulham. "West Brompton" sounds better than Fulham, however, and this address appeared on the captain's notepaper.

An imposing crew

A gentleman who, answered the captain's advertisement was asked to put £20 towards expenses, but when he admitted that he had little money the organiser was most considerate.

"I will not turn you down on this account," wrote Captain Graham-Parry, and asked for a deposit of £2 as a guarantee of earnestness. "This is sufficient to clinch matters which is all I want to do," he kindly explained.

The applicant wired 30s. and Captain Parry was quite satisfied. "For your honesty, I will take you when I said," he wrote, at the same time announcing his departure to Weymouth to make final preparations.

This letter bore the printed heading, "The Naiad South Seas Expedition," together with the names of the wireless officer, metallurgist, botanist, photographer and interpreter, who presumably were to accompany the party.

But when the captain wrote from Weymouth, ten days later, all these names had been deleted, with the exception of that of the interpreter! Moreover, he stated that the object of the cruise had been "very largely altered."

Dallying preparation

Later on a further £5 was asked for, and when this had been paid, Captain Graham-Parry favoured his friend with a whole string of letters, full of details of his "preparations," but giving no indication of when they would be completed.

Finally, he wrote from West Brompton, opening his letter with the brief phrase, "Brace yourself," and then making the disquieting disclosure that a "communication from the Foreign office" had completely knocked his expedition on the head!

Since then the letters of the £6 10s. investor have been ignored.

As quite a number of other people are making enquiries regarding Captain Graham-Parry, we can only suggest that they band themselves into an expedition of their own and set out to look for him, not in the South Seas, but in the purlieus of Fulham.

Are You a Thief?

by the Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie")

WE shall be up against a crisis when the report of the Coal Commission is issued. Unless honesty is shown on both sides, the result will be catastrophic. If the report is the outcome of honest opinion it must be accepted

"THOU shalt not steal." "Well, thank the Lord, I am not a thief anyway," most of us are inclined to say to ourselves when we hear that Commandment read out. But what is stealing? One thing is quite certain—all the thieves are not in prison. Only the stupid ones are.

But is it possible to steal without breaking the law? If you meet a man in the street and you hold a pistol to his head and say, "Your money or your life," that is stealing. But if you meet a man desperate because he cannot find a shelter for his wife and children, and you force him to pay a monstrous rent for two rooms that you can let, that is business.

I wonder if there really is any difference between the two. In the one case you break the law, and in the other you don't. But ought a man's conscience to go no further than the law? In the one case you use physical force and threaten violence; in the other you use economic force and threaten the workhouse. One seems to me to be as bad as the other.

Those are extreme cases; but there are lots of things that worry me that are not extreme. You see, I am one of the fortunate ones of the earth. I have a tolerably secure income, a good bit larger than any working man, and power in my head to earn more if I want it.

A horrible contrast

Ordinary common sense says, "Well, thank God for what you have got, and do the best you can to serve and help others." I do that as far as I can. But I am not happy about it all the same.

In this last Coal Commission Mr. Evan Williams was asked by Mr. Herbert Smith what his salary was as a director of fourteen colliery companies. He said it was not Mr. Smith's business, and he was not going to tell.

Lots of people would sympathise with him. It was a beastly awkward question. Our Herbert knew it was; that was why he asked it. Whatever his income is, it would show up as a horrible contrast when compared with a collier's wage.

It is perfectly true that it did not make a pennyworth of difference to the problem what his income was. If he sacrificed the whole lot, and all his co-directors with him, and worked for nothing, it would not solve the question of a living wage for men in the pit.

I have no doubt he felt that keenly. But all the same, it is hard to see why a miner's wage should be everybody's business, and what he gets or doesn't get be common knowledge, while a director's salary is nobody's business but his own and a strict secret.

Awkward questions

It is natural instinct when a man asks you what your income is to answer "Nosey Parker" or "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies"; but I am blest if I see any reason why the fortunate ones like Mr. Williams and myself should be free to indulge their natural impulse while millions of ordinary men have their incomes published in the daily papers and haggled over in public discussion.

Of course, I am not as well off as Mr. Williams. I doubt if I am as well off as Herbert Smith for the matter of that, but that is merely a matter of comparison.

The fact is that any strong brainworker's income would seem a queer contrast to a collier's. If you put George Bernard Shaw, the Socialist, in Mr. Williams' place and forced him to answer the question, it would bring a queer contrast to light, and set you wondering about things.

I believe that Mr. Williams has a conscience just as much as I have, and I don't believe he enjoyed saying that miners' wages would have to be reduced any more than I would enjoy it. I believe he is in the devil of a mess, to put it bluntly, same as I am, and everybody else is who is in receipt of a decent income reasonably secure.

Demoralising uncertainty

It is a miserable position for a man not to be sure that he has a moral right to what he gets. You see it is not merely a matter of earning your living, and keeping your stomach off your backbone; it is a matter of self-respect.

A man cannot be really self-respecting if he is uncertain whether he earns what he gets. I frankly confess that is my position. I am not certain about it. When I hear "Thou shalt not steal" read out, or read it out myself, I have a miserable feeling inside.

I don't say, "Thank God I'm not a thief." I say, "I wonder whether I am or not." I believe there are thousands of men and women up the same street. What are we to do? What is honesty?

It is no easy matter to be sure of one's own honesty. Some while back an over-kindly chairman of a meeting I was speaking at up in the North concluded some very flattering, and mostly untrue, remarks about me by informing the audience that I was a purely voluntary worker.

I swallowed the rest of it, because a chairman has to say something, and the audience takes it with a kindly pinch of salt, but the last bit was too much.

What is a voluntary worker?

What sort of a thing is a purely voluntary worker? He would have to be a man without a stomach, whereas I am a man with four stomachs so to speak, my own, my wife's, and two children's, and they grow, as most young stomachs do.

This idea of a purely voluntary worker arises from the notion that people who live on rent or on the interest of inherited capital and still condescend to do something to justify their existence upon earth are voluntary workers. But that is humbug. They are paid workers, and sometimes very much overpaid.

If a man does a fair day's whack, and then works for his fellow-man in his leisure time, that may be called voluntary work, and much of the finest work is of that sort.

But voluntary work does not begin until each of us has earned his daily bread, and as I do not know from Adam when I have earned mine, I cannot claim to be a voluntary worker at all. I am hired to preach and teach as a joiner is hired to join or a plumber to plumb.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in that. If a man says I am hired to preach, I agree; if he says I preach for hire I say he is a liar. But how to be certain that I have earned what I get I do not know, and so it is with fear and trembling that I read out or hear read out. "Thou shalt not steal."

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.

George Bernard Shaw has said that Moses is out of date, but there is life in the old dog yet. He would make a queer sensation if he spoke on the Stock Exchange.

A little bit of trembling on the score of the Eighth Commandment would do us all, in every class, a world of good.

What honesty demands

Well, there does seem to be one thing we can do, and that is to look things square in the face, and when we are thinking about our attitude to these big national issues, we can determine that we are not going to let our opinion be fixed by a consideration of our own interests only.

We can make up our minds to look at the thing all round, and to prepare ourselves to make a personal sacrifice if it is necessary in order to get things on to a decent basis. Modern honesty seems to demand that much of every one.

If we are all going to think only of our own interests, or those of our class or section, there is nothing for it but a fight. And if it comes to a fight, God help us all. We shall be in the soup up to the neck, all the lot of us.

Honesty is not an easy business. It demands, in these days, a clear head as well as a clean heart. It is dishonest to be stupid, prejudiced and unreasonable. It is dishonest to be ignorant when you ought to know. "There's none so deaf as those who won't hear," and none so ignorant as those who won't know.

A prayer to pray

When this blessed Report of the Commission comes out it will be a pretty complex, difficult document, anyhow. If everyone falls on it with their minds made up in accordance with their own interests, all the report will do is to supply bombs for both sides to shy at one another.

If that is what happens then we are in for it and no mistake. However wise, impartial and statesmanlike the report may be, it will not help unless it is honestly received and thought over.

That is what I want to plead for with myself and with you, my readers. Let us try, you and I, to be honest with ourselves, to look at the business all round, determined to do our bit to put things right, even if it does mean a bit of a sacrifice.

From all self-deception, sloppy thinking, and secret greed may the Good Lord Deliver Us.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR SIR,—I see you are still engaged in soliciting support for your proposal to divert revenues from motor taxation to purposes other than the upkeep of roads. This is the most scandalous diversion of money from its proper and legitimate object. If you succeed you are stronger than I think, and certainly some people will be very much weaker than I had supposed.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Viscount CAVE, G.C.M.G., Lord Chancellor.

DEAR SIR,—I note with approval your introduction of a Bill prepared by the Board of Trade to strengthen the law for dealing with fraudulent bankrupts. I suggest that even more necessary is a Bill to deal with the fraudulent rascals who promote bogus companies. A glance through my columns in this week's issue will convince you how urgently such legislation is needed. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR,—The Food Council is determined that the housewife shall no longer be defrauded by tradesmen who give short measure and misrepresent quality. Stricter rules need enforcing in regard to sales of meat, and cheating must be put down by a scale of heavy penalties. In certain flagrant instances of robbery, I would recommend imprisonment. If you will frame legislation on these lines you will have the whole country behind you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. BECKETT, M.P., Anson Road, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—I heartily congratulate you upon your success in winning a place in the ballot for a Bill to stop excessive charges for building materials. Unfortunately, private Members' Bills find little chance of passing into law, but the discussion of yours should serve to throw light upon facts which, considering the present state of housing in this country, form one of our biggest public scandals.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir WOODMAN BURBIDGE, C.B.E, Chairman, Harrod's Stores, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—In spite of being fifty-three, you thoroughly believe in youth, and are convinced that many a business is ruined through the old-fashioned ways of old-fashioned men who stick to their positions too long. Unfortunately, it is not only in the world of commerce that this ruin is wrought. It was the old men who plunged Europe into the awful tragedy and chaos of the Great War. It is the old men who, by sticking to old ways and old prejudices, are preventing young ones from making a safe peace. There will be no cure for Europe's ills until youth gets its chance.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. C. C. B. BARDSLEY, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough.

DEAR SIR,—You asked members of your audience at Northampton, "Are you going to be one who believes in the 'damned nigger' doctrine, or one who will stand unselfishly for the brotherhood of mankind?" All decent men will, of course, stand for brotherhood and justice. How to do that without encouraging disastrous intermarriage between the black and white races is the crux of the problem. Unfortunately, it is one most speakers on the colour problem avoid.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. ANNIE BESANT, The Theosophical Society, Adyar, India.

DEAR MADAM,—It is with sincere regret that I come to the conclusion that the years are telling upon your intellect. Not always would you have associated with the spurious "bishops" who have so often come under my lash; and your latest stunt anent the "World Teacher," Krishnamurti—whom you put on a plane with Christ—can only make me regret the more that you did not seek the security of honourable retirement while your faculties were still fresh. So far I absolve you from the charge of wilful blasphemy; others might be less charitable.

JOHN BULL.

To JOHN EDWARD SNAITH, Lee, S.E.

DEAR JOHN,—You are still but a boy, an apprentice in fact, yet your life-saving achievements have already attracted public notice and you have received a decoration at the hands of the King. This is fine. You are a living proof of the value of an ordered life, with controlled impulses, on the constant look-out to be of service to others.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. RICHARD WILLIAM ROBERTS, Deal, Kent.

DEAR SIR,—May I add my congratulations to the number you must have received on the occasion of your diamond wedding? For forty-two years you served in the Deal lifeboats, and at seventy-seven years of age volunteered to man the extra lifeboat stationed at Deal during the war. At eighty-seven years of age you can claim the magnificent total of 800 lives saved. You have earned the title of "The Grand Old Man of the Lifeboats." Long may you live to use it!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CHARLES THOMAS SYMONDS, Brailsford Road, Tulse Hill.

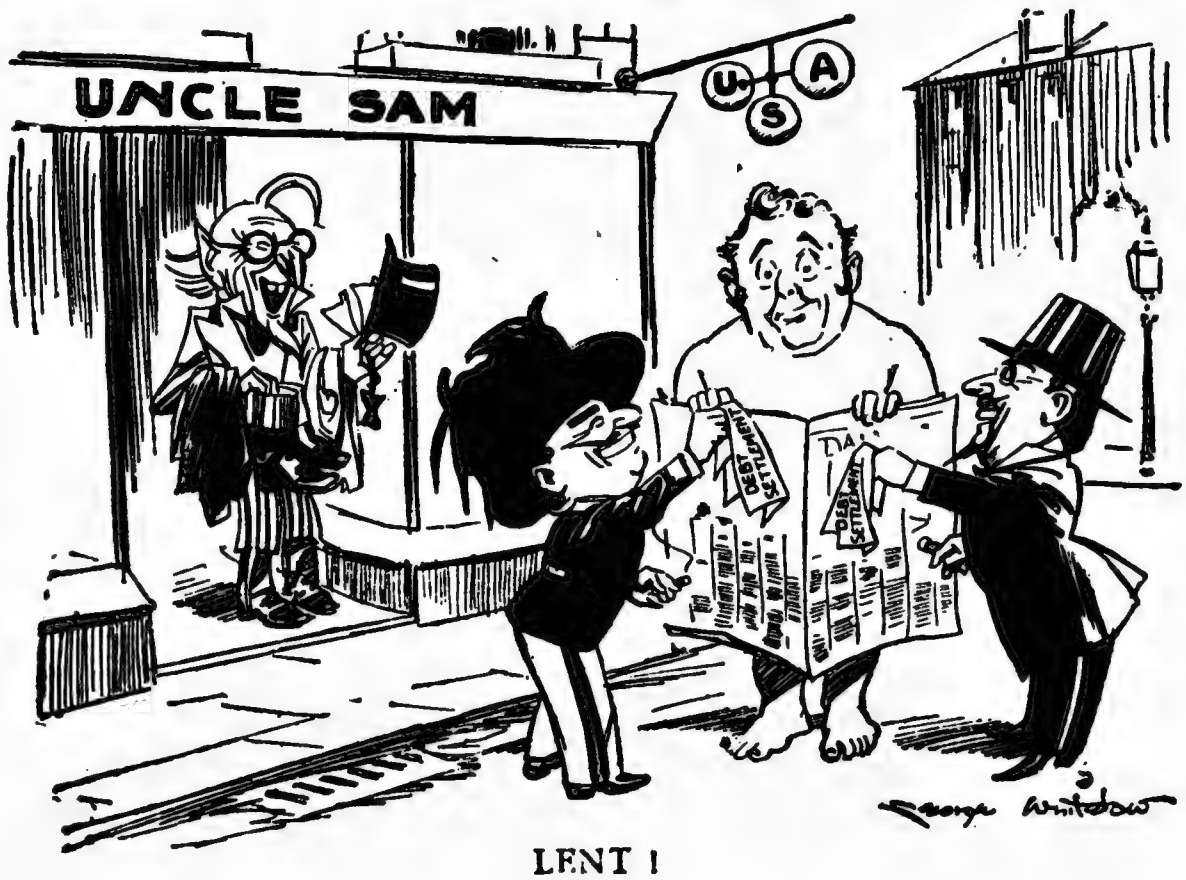
DEAR SIR,—I wonder how many of the railway passengers travelling through the famous Penge tunnel, which burrows for a mile and a quarter under the Crystal Palace, cast a thought towards the men whose constant underground labour renders their passage safe. For fifty long years you have worked in this sulphurous atmosphere, you cheerfully conclude the fumes agreed with you, and you are genuinely sorry the moment has come for retirement. Nevertheless I hope you will enjoy your new-found leisure, and live long to tell the tale, and inspire the younger generation with your spirit.

JOHN BULL.

To the DRIVER and CONDUCTOR, On a Piccadilly Tube Train.

GENTLEMEN,—In the fullest sense of the word you deserve this name. Working your train between Caledonian Road and Holloway Road, the driver saw a terrified dog huddled by the wall and instantly stopped. The conductor, with great difficulty, not unmixed with danger, crawled between the train and the side of the tunnel and brought the poor animal aboard, uninjured, to friends and safety. Your hearts responded instantly to the suffering of a dog. It is a striking rebuke to those who kill for sport.

JOHN BULL.



LENT!

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD BRADBURY:—"The control of prices by law does not mean cheap food."

A damning implication that law-makers have an interest in keeping prices high.

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS:—"There is no need for revolution."

No one, except a darned fool, ever thought there was.

MR. BINGLEY:—"If you marry a widow with six children you are asking for trouble."

Magistrates should administer the law and refrain from foolish generalities.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI:—"1926 will be the Napoleonic year of Fascism."

When, possibly, like Napoleon, it will meet its Waterloo.

MR. F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES:—"The pioneer spirit is about everywhere throughout the country."

We should be very glad to see a bit more of it manifested in the House of Commons.

MR. W. A. APPLETON:—"The trade union movement needs sanity more than satire."

The trade union movement needs leaders who know their job and will stick at it.

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

A RAGING COTTON RAMP!

Our Views Endorsed

IF the inspired forecasts of the Coal Commission's report prove to be accurate JOHN BULL has every reason to congratulate itself.

Alone among the Press we have fought unceasingly for a solution to the mines muddle that should obviate the necessity for either lengthening hours or reducing wages.

We have always stated bluntly that the miners have a sound case economically and an overwhelming case from the point of view of human rights.

The Coal Commission would appear to be of our way of thinking.

They consider, it is said, that no case has been made out for either longer working hours or for a reduction of wages.

They will, it is believed, recommend State ownership of mining royalties, the grouping of pits to provide a better organisation of the industry, and a wage rate on a national basis.

Until facts prove the accuracy of these forecasts it is useless to comment on them. We can, however, at least feel gratified that the points of view we have so strenuously advocated have come to be regarded by the country as the probable outcome of the Commission's deliberations.

There is one thing that no one knows, but that everyone has a right to be told. *Will the Government act on the Commission's recommendations and give them legal force without delay?*

Mr. Baldwin maintains a discreet silence on that point.

He would be better advised to tell the nation now what he proposes to do in the matter.

It is a chance for bold and imaginative statesmanship such as may not come his way again.

A definite statement that the Commission's findings will have legal force would settle the minds of the public once and for all.

Missing the Point

THE outbreak of lawlessness is always a bad symptom. It is an indication of a warped view of life, and, even if induced by misery, can only render distress more acute.

So far, the Home Secretary is entirely justified in his warning, but when he attributes the growing feeling in this country against capital punishment to the spirit of lawlessness, we warmly protest. It is utter nonsense to say that the petitions for reprieves which reach him are dictated by sympathy for cruel murderers and disregard of the terrible agonies of the bereaved.

We will waive the point that every murderer hung creates still another agonised batch of bereaved persons. Nor will we stress its irrevocable nature, though that is a dreadful flaw.

The outstanding indictment against capital punishment is the horror it inflicts upon those required to carry it out, and the indisputable fact that it is no deterrent to crime.

Even the Home Secretary will hesitate to claim that because we hang them the number of murderers is on the decline.

Out with the Truth!

BEHIND the gigantic cotton crash that has brought thousands of Lancashire homes to the verge of ruin lies an amazing story of financial trickery. There must be no hushing up of the truth

THE shadows of the Official Receiver and the bailiffs are, at this moment, hanging over thousands of Lancashire homes; the homes of shareholders in the numerous cotton spinning and manufacturing concerns which are being or are to be wound up.

These people may be called upon, as the courts grant permission, to find their various proportions of £3,000,000, money due on shares they hold that are not fully paid up.

The alternative is to be sold up out of house and home, and the £3,000,000 by no means represents the sum total for which—if nothing is done to save them—they will ultimately be held liable.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, M.P., President of the Board of Trade

If that loss were solely the result of rash speculation, the backing of a "good thing" that ought to have come off but didn't, our sympathy with them in their ill-luck would be mixed with pity for their foolishness.

So long, however, as there is a suspicion—we might, without straining the truth, use a much stronger word—that many of them have not received a square deal over their investments, then sympathy is not enough.

For that reason the President of the Board of Trade ought to be persuaded to stay the hands of the liquidators and preserve these unfortunate people from complete disaster until a committee appointed by him has held an enquiry as to the truth, or otherwise, of the allegations freely and openly bandied about whenever cotton people foregather.

The calls ought not to be made until such an enquiry has established the liability for the calls.

THERE is a lot more behind this cotton fiasco than can be dealt with by receiving orders and writs. There are questions which ought to be asked by a committee of enquiry, such as:

Were all these re-flotations square and above board?

Were huge profits made which were hidden from the people who took up shares and who are now called upon to bear the losses?

Would it not be possible to recover large sums which would go to relieve the harassed shareholders?

What was the total number of shares given—in all companies where such gifts were made—by promoters to other people in order to qualify the latter as directors, or for other reasons? *And what were the other reasons?*

In how many cases were interim dividends paid out of capital?

What was the total sum lost by all the companies which speculated in cotton futures?

In how many cases were these losses concealed by ascribing losses to departments which were actually earning substantial profits?

How much money has been paid out improperly?

In how many cases were false reports issued or instigated in order to induce people to invest at a time when the companies concerned were insolvent?

IT is urgently necessary that the thousands of shareholders concerned may be permitted to learn the answers to these questions, and full answers can only be elicited by an expert committee appointed by the President of the Board of Trade. Such a committee ought to be appointed now, and the threatened calls ought to be delayed until it has reported.

We will only add this, that the committee, if and when appointed, will find an abundance of evidence ready for its information.

A Weak Case

WE hold no brief for the Weir house. We do not believe it to be a particularly good house, and we have, on occasion, specifically stated our objections to it.

We can understand also the real objection of the trade unions to Weir houses—which is an objection to any attempt to interfere with the cast-iron constitution of the trade unions.

What we cannot understand is an attitude of mind that, faced with the alternative of giving homeless people steel houses or no houses, deliberately chooses "no houses."

Everyone admits the urgency of the question. Everyone admits the pressing need for an immense addition to the number of houses, but the Labour Party which is uncompromisingly opposed to the steel house, has nothing to offer as an alternative except selfish obstruction.

What are we to think of a Party which, claiming to represent the masses, denies those masses even the shelter of a steel house?

What are we to think of a Party which prefers trade union rules to the reconstruction of society—for that is what the issue amounts to.

When there is enough work to keep every building operative employed for a generation, where is the sanity of obstructing every attempt to put work in hand?

We would advise the Labour Party to cease chasing shadows and attack realities.

Let it forget the Weir house and concentrate on the real problem—the restoration of the land to the people from whom it has been shamelessly filched.

When that is done it will find that the housing problem—like a good many others—will have been solved in the process.

At Last!

THE activities of share-peddling swindlers in this country have grown to such an alarming extent that the authorities are at last contemplating the action we have for so long urged on them.

All that is needed to stop the majority of these swindlers is a very simple amendment to our present company laws.

It is scandalous that any ex-convict, any bogus company promoter, any undischarged bankrupt can, by paying a few pounds at Somerset House, register a company and start operations.

A few simple enquiries when a person wishes to register a company would prevent 50 per cent. of the swindles at the outset.

The other 50 per cent. would fade away automatically before a law forbidding foreign companies to operate in England except through the Stock Exchange.

These two reforms should have been in operation years ago. We look to the Government to give them immediate attention.

Leverhulme's Last Word

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

THE lack of understanding of the workers' position by employers is evident. A wrong construction is placed on the employees' ambition. Employers and workers alike have ideals, and mutual understanding and combined effort will lead to their realisation

The late Lord Leverhulme

WHAT is it that lies behind the long-drawn-out conflict of employers and employed? What are they quarrelling about? Does anyone know? Do they themselves really know why they are so ceaselessly engaged in trying to do each other an injury?

It has seemed to me for a long time now that there is little more reason in this suicidal conflict, which occupies so huge and portentous a space in the national life, than there is in the fearsome quarrels of little boys playing football or cricket on the public commons.

Let me, in any case, suggest a way of looking at this wearisome and destructive squabble which may help the parties to use rather more reason in future negotiations than they have used in the past, more reason and less stupid and reckless abuse.

Let me ask them both to put on their thinking-caps and to consider their solemn science of economics from a purely human and domestic point of view.

An employer of labour is a man who wants to sell goods because he wants to provide his wife and children with a comfortable home, good food and clothes, reasonable pleasures, and an income after his death.

A mutual desire

In business, he is a business man, and therefore a factor in the solemn science of economics; but he is a business man only because he is a domestic man, and his reality, both for God and man, is not his economics but his domestic and social humanity.

So also with the wage-earner. He is not to be considered solely as a factor in the economic problems of the nation, but as a man who wants money to provide himself with those things which make life interesting and enjoyable.

He is only a wage-earner because he wants a home, a domestic life, and some assurance that he will not be homeless and hungry in his old age.

Now if this simple human fact was uppermost in the minds of employers and employed, would not all their difficulties resolve themselves into a single wish common to both—namely, the wish that they should have more money to spend?

And would not the employer then say to the employed, "I perfectly understand your wish, and I can see that it is a perfectly rational wish; in fact, to tell you the truth, exactly that same wish is dominating all my own business activity. Let's see, then, what we can do to make it come true."

The only sane view

If the employer took this view of the wage-earner's desire for higher wages, and the employed took this same view of the employer's desire for greater profits, they would both soon see that the simplest way of making that one common wish come true lies in cheapening the product they have to sell so that more people could buy it.

They would then cordially and sensibly confer with each other to see how the costs of manufacture and marketing could be reduced, and how the production of the commodity could be increased.

One of the few men of my acquaintance who saw the economic problem in this simple and domestic light was the late Lord Leverhulme. He could not understand how men should be so stupid, both employers and employed, as to regard the question apart from its humanity.

"Of course workmen want better homes," he used to say. "Of course they want the pleasures of life; of course they are dissatisfied with low wages. Only a fool would suppose that they should like slums, and rest satisfied with a pittance.

"Why can't we all see that this wish of the wage-earner for higher wages is a natural wish; *and why can't we see that it would pay us all to double wages to-morrow?*"

Ridiculous folly

Lord Leverhulme insisted that the manufacturer's best market is the home market, and that we could double that market's capacity to consume our goods by doubling wages.

A simple consideration will bring this truth home. Twenty million people, spending £1 a week each, buy £20,000,000 worth of goods in a week. Give them £2 a week, and it is as if the population had become forty million people each with £1 a week.

We should double our consumption of nearly everything. Our twenty million people would buy more shirts, more socks, more boots, more hats, more dresses, more clothes, more food, more newspapers and more soap.

But how can wages be doubled without increasing the cost of commodities? Leverhulme said that it could be done by speeding up production.

"I might have to discharge a number of people," he used to say, "and to introduce better and more labour-saving machinery; but directly the increased wages in other trades created a demand for more soap, not only should I be able to take back those people I had discharged, but I should very soon be scouring the country for more labour."

He insisted that the thing was easy, and it amused him in his more cynical mood to watch the ridiculous struggle between those who think that prosperity can be won by cutting down wages, and those who think that the cost of living can be reduced by slowing down production.

He regarded it as the last word in economic wisdom that production should be increased in the interests of the worker, and that wages should be high in the interest of the manufacturer.

Is it possible, I wonder, to hammer this idea of his into the heads of employers and employed before they come to the next conference-table? If someone of great importance on one side or the other, preferably the side of Labour, would set out on a campaign of "Double Wages and Double Production," I believe the whole nation would respond.

But unless there is this change of mind, this entirely new view of the economic problem, I do not see what is to be gained by another conference.

The policy that pays

There is some hope of a better spirit in the new slogan "Study America, not Moscow." But if Labour turns its eyes from the fantastic misery of Moscow to the steady and increasing prosperity of America, Capital also must take its eyes off the petty work of the cheeseparer and consider the generous spirit of the American employer.

Let the working-classes bend their whole energies to lowering the cost of living by increasing production, let the suicidal policy of the trades unions be thrown to the scrap-heap, and manufacturers would soon come to see that it paid them, and paid them stupendously, to double their home market by doubling wages.

Leverhulme, whatever may be said against him, was no fool.

The Finger o

Our rejoicing over Locarno seems to have been premature. Nations are still arming to the teeth

A FEW months ago we might have said that the French were arming against England. For they were, and are, still undoubtedly building submarines, and have the largest air force in the world. Recent political developments have rendered that explanation no longer tenable, and we must not be surprised if it is now stated that they are building against Italy.

Sir Graham Bower, K.C.M.G.

The Italian naval manœuvres of last year seemed to assume France as an enemy and had as their problem the defence of the eastern half of the Mediterranean. Italy is creating a naval and military base at Rhodes.

The Greeks are arming. They have lately bought 100 field guns from France and General Pangalos declares the Greek army and navy to be ready. Ready for what?

Quite recently the French Minister of Marine decided to advance the naval programme by six months. The Turks are seeking support from Russia and have ordered fifty new fighting aeroplanes in Denmark. In China, the strike trouble has died down, but the political trouble is worse.

The hatreds, suspicions and ambitions that caused the war have not been allayed but intensified, and new rivalries, new jealousies have come to life. Many nations are arming and are suspicious. Why should this be?

ALL the treaties that terminated the Great War are one-sided treaties, drafted with devilish ingenuity by the international lawyer, and are, in reality, a continuation of war without hostilities rather than treaties of peace and reconciliation.

Nor is this all. The eyes of several nations are on Constantinople. The Italians assert that the Eastern Empire was a Roman Empire. But the Greeks are under the belief that they have an hereditary right to the port on the Dardanelles.

Russia claims that Constantinople is the key to its front door, whilst the Turks claim a title based on conquest and five centuries of occupation.

In Central Europe and the Balkans there are a number of winning nations strongly armed, whilst there are also a number of defeated nations dis-

An Unparalleled Swindle

by A. G. GARDINER

HUNDREDS of thousands of thrifty people are being robbed each year of their hard-earned savings. This fact is being continually brought to light, and yet those who should take up the cudgels and stop this infamous scandal remain silent. What is the reason?

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

MY article of last week has brought me such a torrent of further evidence of the iniquities of the industrial insurance system that I make no apology for returning to the subject. The more one probes into it the more perplexed one becomes at the mystery that envelopes it.

I mean the mystery of its continuance, the mystery of the silence and indifference preserved in regard to it by the political Parties, Parliament, the official world—above all, the Press.

Here is a matter which touches the lives of millions of the most needy, most deserving and most helpless of the working-classes.

I say the most deserving because they represent that most valuable asset of the State, the thrifty poor, the decent homely people in the mean streets of our towns and cities and countrysides who live from week to week by their labour, and have no reserves on which to fall back.

These thrifty folk out of their poverty pay their weekly shilling, two shillings or five shillings into some industrial insurance society to provide against the vicissitudes of life, illness, unemployment, bereavement, only to find when the emergency comes that they have paid in vain, and that every copper of their money has gone to swell the gigantic profits reaped by their exploiters.

Staggering figures

Consider the magnitude of the evil. (And here let me say that I am not referring to one company alone. I am referring to all the companies. I am referring to a system which is not merely plundering the poor, but is destroying the priceless spirit of thrift in the people and destroying confidence in public institutions and in public justice.)

As to the magnitude of the thing, take this fact. There are in operation in this country at the present moment, 55,000,000 industrial insurance policies. Week by week and month by month in millions of homes the housewife is scraping together the shillings for the insurance company's agent when he calls.

For months, for years, perhaps for twenty years, all goes well. Then comes illness, loss of work. The payments fall in arrears; the policy lapses; the savings of years are lost. They are gone to swell the gigantic prosperity of the company, and the profits of the owners.

Do you suppose this is a rare case? It is the case of four policies out of five. *Of those* 55,000,000 *policies running to-day,* 45,000,000 *will never mature.*

Let us see what this vast mountain of fact means in simple human terms.

Beggared old age

I have before me the dog's-eared little books recording the weekly premium payments of one T. Douglas, of Hull. He is a man of sixty-nine, who has fallen upon old age and poverty. The books show that many years ago he began paying 2s. 2d. week by week to a certain company.

Later with more prosperity he increased his insurance to 5s. a week, and this he continued for years. Then came the depression, loss of work, the inability to meet the calls. His policy lapsed. He had paid £97 in premiums.

The whole of that sum has gone to increase the profits of the company, and the man in his old age is left beggared without a fragment of return on all the thrift of the years of his middle life. This case is typical of hundreds of thousands.

But surely, you say, there is a surrender value on these policies. Yes; but we have to remember that the problem relates to relatively ignorant, isolated people who do not know how to proceed to reclaim the poor fragment of their payments to which they are legally entitled.

Why, when a policy has lapsed, is not the amount due to the holders in regard to surrender value automatically restored to them? For the most part, these unfortunate people are left to suppose that, their policy having lapsed, their all is gone.

I have before me the letter of a company in a case which has been taken up which shows the shameless neglect of plain duty. A woman had paid £43 in premiums on the insurance of her father when the policy lapsed. It lapsed in June, 1914, just before the Emergency Act of the following September, which would have protected her against that disaster during the war. She received nothing.

Last year she became aware of the provisions of that Emergency Act of 1914 (remember we are dealing with very uninstructed people who do not know much about obscure Acts of Parliament) and claimed under it. Her claim was turned down. The policy had lapsed two months too soon.

Then she learned that she had been entitled to surrender value of over £13. She made the claim and it was conceded—*eleven years after the lapse of the policy.*

No, the letter before me admits that the woman made the claim under the Emergency Act last year, and, inferentially, that nothing was said by the company to enlighten her as to the surrender value to which she was entitled ten years ago when the policy lapsed!

Unparalleled impudence

Nothing ever would have been said had she not had the good fortune to enlist the sympathies of someone who took up her case.

This illustrates one of the ways in which millions of money which belong to decent working-classes of the country are diverted from the pockets of the people to which they legally and morally belong to the profits of the companies to which they belong neither legally nor morally.

It helps to explain also the fantastic profits of the companies—by which a few thousand pounds invested in their establishment have become worth millions to the fortunate holders.

Those millions represent the exploitation of the ignorant poor, an exploitation which alike for magnitude and impudence has no parallel in the public scandals of the time.

Why is the Press so universally silent in this great matter? I should not like to think that it is the enormous advertising power of the companies which is responsible for the fact. But the fact is too palpable not to call for some explanation.

Criminal silence

And why is the Labour Party silent? Here is a matter touching the property, life and well-being of the mass of the poor, a wrong about which one would expect Labour to be deeply concerned. Why has it not made this urgent, practical, human issue ring from the platform and in Parliament?

If there is one subject in regard to which their policy of nationalisation is not only justifiable, but urgently necessary, it is this.

Meanwhile, we need an organisation which will not merely devote itself to the recovery of the lost millions of the poor investor, but which will break down the veil of silence that hangs about this scandal and create a public opinion that will put the insurance of the people on a basis that will encourage thrift, and cease to make it a grim jest in which the millions of the poor pay to make a few inordinately rich.

on the Trigger

By SIR GRAHAM BOWER, K.C.M.G.
(The Famous International Authority.)

armed. There are actually more soldiers under arms in Europe to-day than there were before the war; but they are not the soldiers of the defeated nations, for the vanquished have been disarmed.

FOR what purpose, then, do the victors maintain large armies? Is it to hold their enemies down or that they still have unsatisfied claims or ambitions? Or is it to meet rival claimants?

The events of the Great War have destroyed the prestige of the European in Asia. His claim to a superior civilisation, to a superior morality is hotly denied, and a new national sentiment is stirring the Asiatic nations from the Pacific to the Mediterranean and the Baltic.

Both in China and in Turkey a new nationalism has been born, and the movement has extended to India. It is essentially a revolt of Asia against Europe, of Asiatics against the claim of Europeans to dictate to them.

And in this connection the Russian revolution has a special signification. Russia has now rejected European civilisation and has once more become an Asiatic State, akin to the other Asiatic States.

It is not a matter for surprise, therefore, to find the anti-British boycott at Canton directed by Russian officers or to learn that the Turks, smarting under a sense of injury at the decision of a European council respecting Mosul, should seek sympathy and support from Russia.

The causes which bring on wars have not been removed by the war. There is as much sense of injustice in the world to-day as there was twelve years ago.

If a fire was lit in any one part of the world, it is impossible to say how far the conflagration might spread. One thing at all events is evident. European civilisation cannot stand the strain of another war nor will it survive another war.

IT is hopeful that the danger of conflagration has been realised. The influence of England as a mediator and peacemaker produced satisfactory results in the Pact of Locarno, and the intervention of the League of Nations in the Græco-Bulgarian frontier collision showed a prompt determination to discourage the ignition of explosives in the powder-magazine of the Balkans.

The spirit of Locarno was a spirit of reconciliation. Is that spirit to be limited to a Swiss village or is it to inspire the world, including Asia and the Near East? On the answer to that question the continued existence of our civilisation depends.

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THE GREAT TEA TWIST

HOW "CONTROL" IS WORKED

More Work for the Food Council

THE public will welcome the announcement that Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, has asked the Food Council to investigate the causes leading to the recent increase in the price of tea.

Such an enquiry is long overdue, and if the Food Council is in earnest over the matter, some astonishing facts will be revealed. There is no doubt that since the war Mincing Lane, the centre of the tea trade, has enriched itself beyond all measure, by expedients which reflect no great credit on the dealers concerned.

Since September last, for example, the wholesale price of tea has leapt by 6d. per pound, two of the cheaper grades having vanished completely from the retail shops. It will be interesting to see how the apologists of the trade fare under cross-examination by the council.

Certain tea-merchants ascribe the increased price to an alleged shortage in the present season's crops in India caused, they say, by unfavourable weather conditions. We should be loth to disbelieve them.

A subtle plot

At the same time, there is indisputable evidence that there has been in existence for several years a deliberate and subtle plot to restrict the growth of the lower grades both of Indian and Ceylon tea, thereby creating a purely artificial shortage in the home market.

This plot, engineered by certain brokers of Mincing Lane, the great City exchange which controls the tea trade of Britain, in conjunction with the Indian Tea Association, has been five years brewing.

The story begins in 1920 when 220,000,000 pounds of tea were lying in bonded warehouses at the London docks, and there was a prospect of abundant tea and low prices.

The brokers got busy, and a certain official was instructed to circularise the plantation companies, asking for the future output of tea to be cut down to 90 per cent. of the average tea production in 1915-19, and the 1921 tea crop to be restricted to 80 per cent. of the same average production.

Many of the planters fell into line, and there began a colossal ramp, with the price of tea shares soaring to the skies. The effect on profits was soon apparent. In the next financial year some record dividends were declared.

Housewives suffer

To quote a few instances, the Assam Tea Company, Ltd., and the Buxar Dooars, Ltd., each paid 40 per cent. free of income tax; the British Assam Tea Company, the Deamoolie Tea Company, Ltd., and the Rupai Tea Company, 50 per cent., and the Doloi Tea Company 80 per cent. plus a distribution of bonus shares for surplus profits.

The profits of the brokers are not available, but may be taken as having been equally substantial.

How did the British housewife's pocket suffer by this ramp?

In July, 1914, she paid 1s. 6¼d. per pound for the lower grades of Indian or Ceylon tea; but the tea ramp added nearly 1d. to the already high price of 2s. 3d. for these same grades of tea. If she bought the higher grades of Ceylon tea, she had to pay 4d. per pound more.

The present taken back

Then came the famous Labour Budget of 1924, when Mr. Philip Snowden, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, made, as he calculated, a "present" to the housewife by reducing the tea duty.

That year tea shipments were at high-water-mark, and Mr. Snowden was able to budget for £4,000,000 reduction, equivalent to about one half of the tea duty.

Lord Bradbury, Chairman of the Food Council

His action was immensely popular, the immediate effect being a reduction of 3½d. per pound on the retail price. The satisfaction of the public was short-lived. The princes of Mincing Lane had no intention of allowing the reduction to be "passed on" in this fashion.

Gradually the price of the packet crept up again, until in 1925 the housewife was paying 2s. 5½d. for lower-grade tea, *or 2d. per pound more than before the reduction of the duty.*

In other words, the Mincing Lane brokers put into their own pockets in 1924-25 the sum of £10,400,000, representing the amount by which the diminished tea duty ought to have benefited the people of Britain. This, of course, was by no means the total of their swollen profits for the period.

Throttling extortion

It must not be forgotten that the brokers are middlemen, who are by no means indispensable either to the growers or the public. How did they achieve this scandalous robbery?

For the answer we must look to the activities of the "speculative purchasers," who form one of the most effective rings in the whole of the country's import trade.

For example, one Mincing Lane broker who acted, not for a client firm, but simply to corner the market, "speculatively purchased" millions of pounds of tea in January, 1925. He thereby forced the price of tea 5d. a pound above what would otherwise have been the wholesale value.

To-day the Mincing Lane ring, who control for their own benefit the tea trade of Britain, have got the country by the throat, and mean to extort every penny they can from the already overburdened housewife.

From the hot and dusty City mart to the burning plains of India and the hillsides of Ceylon, these ringmasters hold sway. They have induced the growers to "pluck fine"—that is, to harvest only the finer grades of the leaf—and thus artificially restrict the output and increase the price of the coarser grades of tea.

We shall no doubt have the usual explanation of damaged crops or other "natural" causes tending to create a market shortage.

Not long ago, for example, a prominent tea broker stated gravely, by way of explanation of the latest rise, that while there had been an excess of production of 21,000,000 pounds of tea in Northern India some months earlier, the "sudden cold weather out there has absolutely done away with it."

Profits from plucking

Beside this, it is interesting to compare the following pronouncement of someone quite as well informed as the gentleman from Mincing Lane.

"Tea was never so strong financially as it is to-day," said Messrs. Thomas and Company, tea merchants of Calcutta, in a recent annual review of the market.

"The large profits of the years 1923-25 have been wisely and conservatively handled by factors and agents. Dividends have been conserved and large cash reserves have been built up, whilst the tea gardens have been put in first-class order."

Then comes the ingenuous announcement that there was every reason for optimism, "*if only agents and directors kept proper control over plucking and manufacture.*"

In view of this talk of "control," it is of interest to study the comparative crops of three big Assam tea companies for 1924 and 1925.

According to a report issued a month ago, Deamoolie had fallen from 1,182,000 pounds in 1924, to 872,400 pounds in 1925; Doom Dooma from 4,641,440 to 3,665,600; and Pabbojan from 2,081,680 to 1,689,040. The total drop was, therefore, 1,678,080 pounds, or nearly 27 per cent.

Disgraceful rigging

What the public demands to know is how much of this decrease was due to weather and other natural causes, and how much to "control." It is as wicked to create an artificial shortage of tea during a period of overwhelming poverty as it is to throw fish back into the sea.

The whole disgraceful business of rigging the food markets must be stopped, and if the Food Council cannot find a solution, then more drastic measures must be adopted.

Famous Men dressed by BARRY (left to right): Jack Hobbs, Steve Donoghue, Willie Smith, Jock Rutherford, Charlie Chaplin, Carpentier, Syd Jordan.

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GRAVE OCEAN SCANDAL

SHIPPING COMPANIES' SHABBY CONDUCT

Does the Prince Know?

THERE is no body of men of whom the British people are more justly proud than the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine.

Recently the Prince of Wales declared: "The present generation of seafaring men will die knowing that they not only upheld the traditions of our forefathers, but that they also enhanced these traditions. I am confident that the coming generation will see to it that the British Mercantile Marine remains second to none."

There are many men on the high seas and in the seaport towns of Britain who read such tributes with bitter cynicism. The truth is that in recent years injustice after injustice has been heaped upon the seafaring community.

Victims of tyranny

The public knows all about the cheeseparing wage reductions which led to the disastrous inter-Dominion strike of last year. They have also heard of the shabby treatment of the wireless operators who were also driven to the resort of the strike weapon.

It is not so generally known that the greatest injustice of all is being suffered by the ships' captains and officers themselves, the pivotal men of the whole Service. They have suffered constant wage reductions, and are the victims of a tyrannical and petty policy on the part of a considerable section of the shipowners. They have no means of redress.

Their whole training and their sense of responsibility owing to the positions they hold, not only on behalf of the owners, but in trust for the public, preclude them from adopting the same weapon as the men who serve under them.

Captain's tragic fate

Apart from the scandalous rates of pay now ruling, there are thousands of captains and officers who have had long periods of unemployment, and who, with their wives and families, are at starvation point. Most of them have the highest qualifications and invaluable experience. Many have wonderful war records.

Take the tragic story of Captain X., whose case is typical of only too many.

Except for the square shoulders, the swinging gait of the seaman, and the face weather-beaten by a hundred seas, one would not at the moment recognise in Captain X. the former skipper of an important merchant vessel.

His clothes are threadbare, and his features are pinched with hunger. He may be seen almost any day at the door of one or other of the London shipping offices, or down in Dockland gazing wistfully at the big ships which come and go.

There is no work for him; there may never be again. His thirty-five years' unblemished sea service from the day he first left his Cornish home to become an apprentice before the mast, until he was "signed-off" four years ago, count for nothing.

His last employers went out of business and sold his ship to foreign owners. Naturally the latter appointed a captain of their own nationality.

A tricky move

Captain X., the last of his savings spent, is on the scrap-heap. He is fifty and too old. His only comfort is that his "old woman" died before the home was sold up and the bottom of the hill was reached.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who takes a keen interest in the British Mercantile Marine

Another typical case, not so tragic, but bad enough, is that of a ship's officer who is a commander in the R.N.R. and holds the Distinguished Service Cross in addition to every seafaring certificate it is possible for him to have.

He has been unemployed practically continuously for about three years, and his furniture is being sold stick by stick.

The only employment he has had in that time has been odd commissions to sail yachts from Burnham to the Solent. He has tried everything. He is over forty and not wanted.

The primary cause of unemployment is the deliberate policy of the leaders of the shipping industry in ensuring that the supply of merchant officers greatly exceeds the number of available berths.

Having achieved this "desirable" state of affairs, they have proceeded to put the screw on the helpless officers.

Scandalous rates of pay

The rates of pay for first mates on cargo liners and general traders, as issued by the Shipping Federation in August last, range from £16 per month on small ships under 1,000 tons to £22 for large ships of 12,000 tons and over. Second mates receive from £13 10s. to £16, and third mates from £11 10s. to £12 10s.

For those who hold superior "tickets," such as a first-mate with a captain's certificate, there is an extra payment never exceeding £2.

Against these rates, the carpenter and chief steward of a big ship, who have no responsibility for the safety of the vessel and the lives on board, and who are by no means overpaid, receive £14 10s. per month. What this means is that a body of men, who hold the most responsible position it is possible to conceive, having human lives in their charge, are considered by their employers to be of less value than some of our corporation dustmen.

A strong indictment

Apart from the upkeep of their families, ships captains and officers have some very heavy expenses. When they come into a home port they have to pay railway fares either for themselves or their wives, and items for uniforms and laundry, particularly in passenger ships trading to the tropics, are considerable.

Study for certificates is difficult and expensive.

The fact that the proportion of passes in 1924 for masters, first mates' and second mates' certificates was only 44 per cent. speaks for itself.

A telling illustration of the status of ships' officers was afforded after the sinking of the ill-fated *Egypt*. It was disclosed that the officer of the watch, after ten years' service with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, was receiving less than £5 per week.

He was a lieutenant R.N.V.R., with a distinguished war record, a master mariner and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical, Astronomical and Meteorological Societies!

A standing reproach

From one point of view he was lucky to have even that salary. There are scores of men to-day, with similar qualifications, who are now starving and in the gutter.

These men are a standing reproach to the shipping companies, the vast majority of which have prospered well during and since the war, allowing for the present alleged "slump."

For at least ten years, from 1914 to 1924, the shipping companies enjoyed unheard-of prosperity. At the moment some of them are declaring low dividends, but it must not be forgotten that most of the stock is "watered."

In 1918, for example, William France Fenwick and Co., Ltd., issued a bonus of 200 per cent. in shares. The "honorarium" paid by P. & A. Campbell, Ltd., in 1919, and the North Shipping Co., Ltd., in 1920, out of war profits was 300 per cent., while the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., actually distributed a bonus in 1916 of 400 per cent.

Misplaced confidence

We have already quoted the Prince of Wales as being "confident that the coming generation will see to it that the British Mercantile Marine remains second to none." Whatever confidence he may have in the "coming generation" he would be unwise to place any in British shipowners.

KENSITAS

Don't be shy Jenkyn!

'You have asked me a very delicate question, miss.'

'I have enormous faith in your judgment, Jenkyn.'
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'In that case, miss, I should—if the term be not too vulgar—go nap on 'B.' Mark my word, in matrimony, it's—ahem—refinement of detail that makes for success. You can't do better than marry a Kensitas man, miss.'

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..... *Date*..... J.B., 20/2/26

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THAT dull, "off-colour" teeth can be lightened amazingly, even given dazzling whiteness, is now an accepted dental fact. You can work a transformation in your mouth.

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Only one tube to a family. J.B. 20/2/26

In Sunshine Ward

FATE'S SILVER WEDDING

Fairyland of Death

by PHILIP INMAN

ONE hears so much these days of failures in the matrimonial market. Disillusioned men and women frequent the divorce court to tell of ruined homes and shattered romances. The love that lasts—what an illusive phantom it seems.

Yet, in spite of assertions to the contrary, happiness is not a bankrupt commodity. The ideal home does exist, and the people who live in it are not fairies, but just ordinary men and women.

To-day I am writing under the influence of a strange emotion. I have just returned from the celebration of a silver wedding anniversary. It was the saddest yet most inspiring spectacle I am ever likely to witness. It was held in the waiting-room of a London nursing home.

A FEW months back I had a visit from a man who told me that he was just "on the wrong side of fifty." Thirty years ago he had left a little village in Yorkshire and emigrated to America.

Nearly five years later there had joined him the girl who had been his sweetheart from childhood days. As man and wife these two worked hard until prosperity came.

With a glint of pride in his eye my visitor said, "For over forty years I have loved my wife, and to-day she's dearer to me than ever she was." Whilst this man was talking I wondered why he should outline his history to me. In a few minutes I understood.

"We made up our minds," his story went on, "that we would return to our native village to celebrate the twenty-five years of happy married life. On the voyage across my wife complained of not feeling well. As there has been no improvement I thought it better for her to see a doctor, and I have come to ask your advice."

I DID what I could to help and made an appointment for the woman to see a well-known medical specialist, and I asked my visitor to let me know the result.

Later in the day this man came again to see me. Instantly I saw that something terrible had happened. His face was ashen grey, and he was trembling. "We saw the doctor," he moaned, "and he has given her three months to live."

Then like a child he went on sobbingly, "On February 3 is our silver wedding, and she'll be gone by then. My God," he groaned, "however shall I face life without her?"

At that moment he was confronted by one of the heaviest crosses humanity is called upon to bear—the prospect of losing one who means more than life itself.

So the time has passed, and the three months' sentence of the specialist expires a fortnight ago, but this woman still lived, although now the end is not far off.

There is only one thing that has kept her alive, and that is her strong will power. When she knew that her life was doomed she made up her mind that she would live to see her silver wedding anniversary.

To-day I went to the nursing-home where she is a patient. The waiting-room there had been transformed into a veritable fairyland. With her husband and a few of her relatives and friends we waited for her to enter. Soon she came—too frail to walk, she had to be carried on a bed chair.

DRESSED in the wedding-gown she had worn twenty-five years ago, she looked like a being from another world. The present from her husband to her was a silver tea-service, and a silence that could almost be felt settled upon everyone as a nurse assisted the invalid to pour out the first cup of tea.

A wonderful smile lit up her face as she turned to her husband and said, smilingly, "Twenty-five years—have you ever regretted it?" "No, never, never," he replied fervently. "My husband for all time," she went on.

Tenderly he put his arm around her, and there was not a dry eye in the room as he whispered, "For time and for eternity."

The Sentence of the Court

Comic Tragedians

A "Jix" and A. "Jay"

GLARING at each other like rival tragedians fearful that there may not be enough limelight to go round, Sir William Joynson-Hicks and A. J. Cook were charged with creating a disturbance. The former pleaded "Not guilty," the latter, through sheer force of the habit of contrariness, pleaded "Guilty."

"Two lions roaring along a shore," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "may make an impressive noise, but two penny whistlers endeavouring to imitate the king of beasts merely arouse public irritation.

"Each of these offenders thinks himself a perfect devil of a lion, but the ordinary citizen cannot regard either as anything other than a lion comique.

"The pet aspiration of each might be expressed by the line, 'I'm to be King in May, mother, I'm to be King in May'; but, apart from a doubt as to whether there is a crown large enough to fit the swollen head of either, the public attitude toward each of them is, 'He ain't goin' to reign no more.'

"Meanwhile, A. Jay struts about his half of the stage trying to curdle our gore with bellowdramatic threats that 'In May there will probably be a bigger and worse crisis than ever there was last July," while Jix rants, 'Let them beware!' and solemnly announces that if trouble comes in May 'the Government will see that the lives of the people are not imperilled.'

"It is noble of Jix to promise to protect us, even at the risk of acquiring orator's sore throat, but somehow we are unable to feel that our lives are in serious danger and so prefer to be protected from the assaults upon our ear-drums and our common-sense to which we are subjected by these comic tragedians."

* * *

While the accused were misconducting their own defence it looked at one stage as if they would come to blows. However, no blows were struck, each orator contenting himself with striking attitudes, and neither doing anything more serious than putting his foot in his own mouth.

The two were about to begin again when the jury, announcing that it had sat through as much as it could stand, found both prisoners guilty.

* * *

"But for the sounds of devilry by night caused by these blustering barnstormers," said Mr. Justice Bull, "the public would be going about its business, trusting to British common-sense to find a way round any difficulties which may arise after the Coal Commission makes its report.

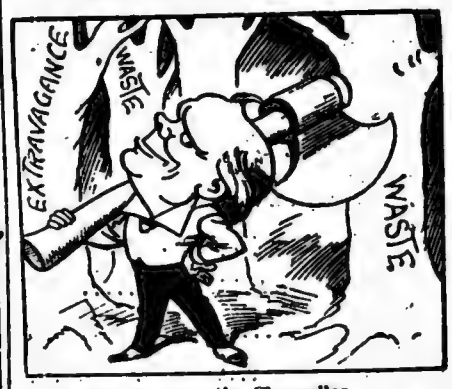
"If cries of 'Wolf' had any real influence the prisoners would by now have rendered a coal strike or lock-out inevitable, but fortunately we are able to distinguish between cries and crises.

"We resent both the threats of a Cook who imagines that an Englishman's home is his kitchen in which he can brew any trouble he likes, and the "Let them bewares' of a knightmare in armour.

"To ensure that, instead of remaining public nuisances, the prisoners shall become private annoyances each to the other, I direct that they be provided with an ample supply of voice jubes and closely confined together in a sound-proof cell until the end of May."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

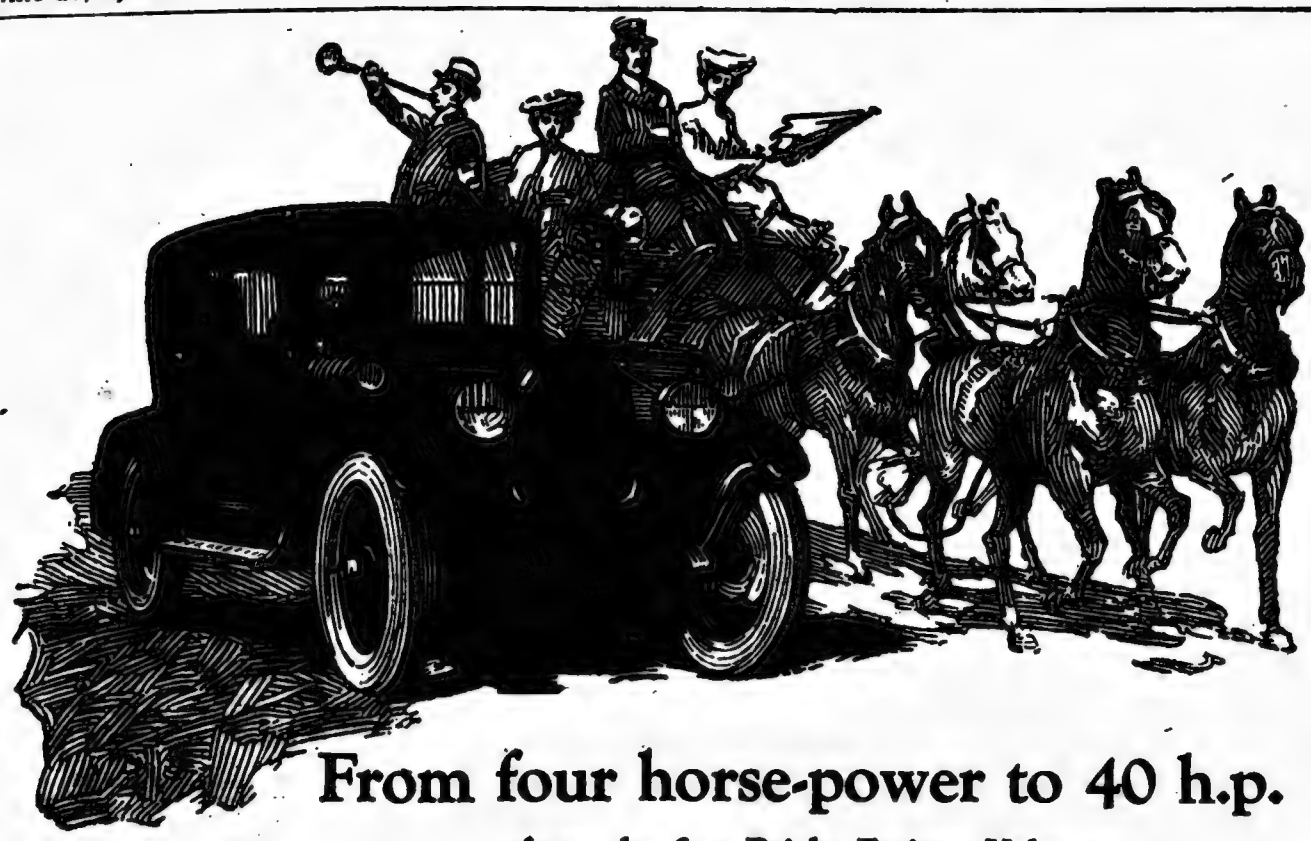
by FRANK HOLLAND



A year or more the Chancellor
Has roun-l the trees been strutting,
But what beats us, with all this fuss
He's not yet started cutting!

This Son of War—the Great Signor—
His sword is busy brightening,
Yet we suppose he surely knows
That steel attracts the lightning!

Small houses are too few by far,
And going up none too slickly.
But prices—well, as figures tell—
They're going up very quickly!



From four horse-power to 40 h.p.

—from the first Bright Emitter Valve to the Super-sensitive Wuncell Dull Emitter

NOTHING can stem the pitiless tide of progress. The four-horse coach of two decades ago has now been superseded by the 40 h.p. car. And the bright emitter valve of two years ago is now being rapidly superseded by that most economical of all Dull Emitters—the Wuncell.

Wireless enthusiasts are everywhere realising that economy in valves means much more than actual current consumption. It means *long life*. Obviously a valve with an ultra-low current consumption and a short life—due to its fragile nature—cannot truthfully be called an economical valve.

The Wuncell puts life first and current consumption second. In spite of this, its wattage is still less than one-sixth of any bright emitter valve. That is to say, any six-volt accumulator which might, for example, have given 20 hours at a charge with bright emitters would give 120 hours using Wuncells.

The abnormally long life of the Wuncell Valve is due to its special filament, manufactured under a patent process known only to Cossor. Instead of being whittled down, as in most dull emitters, it is actually built up layer upon layer until it is as stout as that used in any standard bright emitter, and when in use it merely glows at a temperature not exceeding the embers of a dying match.

Its prolific output of electrons—harnessed to the well-known Cossor principles of construction—ensures a sensitivity which has no counterpart in any make of valve. For the first time since the Dull Emitter appeared on the market, users are saying that here at last is a perfect match in performance for the best bright emitter valve ever made.

For 2-volt Accumulators.

W.1.	For Detector and L.F. use. Consumption: ·3 amps.	14/-
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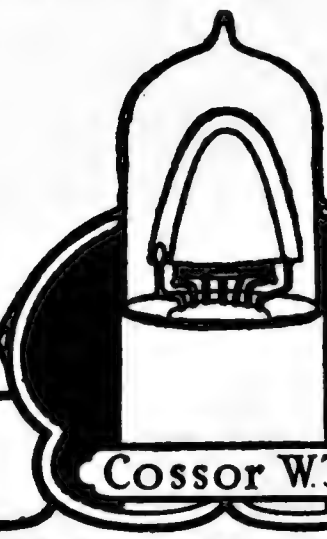
W.3.	The Loud Speaker Valve. Consumption ·3 amps.	18/6

For 2, 4 or 6 Volts.

W.R.1.	Similar to W.1, but with special resistance which can be short-circuited when not required	16/-
W.R.2.	Similar to W.2, but with resistance as above	16/-



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THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

MORE THAN A BATH SALT

Words Winged to Women

THE CAVE-MAN CUPID

Love That Destroys

by **MABEL HORNER**

THAT "love is the greatest thing in the world" is a statement holding no possible element of doubt. It can, as one of the greatest of all authorities asserted ages ago, literally remove mountains. It is the driving force of human effort, the final power that binds families, communities, and even nations together.

But, like every other force and driving power in the world, it is capable of endless havoc and ruin when unleashed and uncontrolled.

This being so, it is nothing short of insanity that young people are left to their own curiosity and experiments where love between the two sexes is concerned.

There is nothing on which help and instruction are more needed, and nothing more generally taboo. It is wicked to leave youngsters to the sly jest, and the innuendo, when there are needed frank recognition of the fact of love, and the spread of sensible teaching on the subject.

The terrible frequency in our police courts of these cases of youthful passion and jealousy must spur us to action. Only the other day Edna Violet Rowden, a young Whitstable girl, sought the Herne Bay magistrates' protection from the violence of Percy Harry Nazer, a lad of eighteen.

A dangerous compound

The two had been sweethearts, quarrelled, and the girl wished to break it off. Thereupon the boy "clawed her face," and added that if he saw her with another fellow he would kill them both.

The list of such jungle-lovers is lengthening alarmingly. Sometimes the tiger in them leaps from all control, and the unfortunate girl is murdered.

The thwarted lover, when a girl, inclines to self-sacrifice. Such a one was poor young Winifred Mercy Freestone, whose body found in a wood near Sevenoaks, testified to her fit of utter hopelessness when the boy upon whom she had set her affections failed to respond.

The saying that "Love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," is only partly true. Recent cases prove that when love is a compound of jealousy and a passionate determination to *possess* neither sex can claim to be more reasonable than the other.

And here we come to the crux of the trouble. When love is degraded to mere lust of possession, it becomes horrible. Then it is that homes are blighted, divorce courts filled, and countless people brought down to ruin.

The passion for possession

As H. G. Wells, in one of his books points out, affection often means merely this desire to possess. It does not seek the happiness of its object as a mother seeks the happiness of her child, at any sacrifice. "I wanted her as barbarians want a hunted enemy, alive or dead. It was a flaming jealousy to have her mine. That is how men love women."

Almost as exclusively and fiercely do women love men. *And the deepest question before humanity is just how far this jealous greed may be subdued to a more generous passion.*

Happily it is possible. Just as the fierce antagonisms of the jungle have been so far subdued that men can live together, trade together, eat and drink together without fighting, so can this primitive passion of love be subdued to behave itself within seemly limits.

But it needs will power, and, quite as important, a sense of social responsibility. A young man who "claws" the face of his sweetheart because her affection has cooled is acting as a wild beast.

A girl who steals, in order to give luxuries to a man for "whom she would sell her soul" which is the pitiful confession of Phyllis Mortimer Cornish, a young sixteen-year-old servant now in custody, has woefully undervalued herself.

Mr. H. G. Wells, whose book, "The Passionate Friends," is a masterly analysis of the havoc wrought by selfish love

From beasts to angels

To sum up, while love, as a motive, informs the whole of life, definitely sexual love is only a very small part of it. Transmuted from the base metal of lust and selfishness it fuses into the pure gold of helpful service. It raises men and women from the level of the beasts and sets them with the angels.

This view of love needs setting before youth with all the clarity that commonsense can give it. Sentimentality wants laughing out of court. Jealousy must be abhorred. It is cruel as the grave.

But love, pure love, is strong as death. Stronger, for it can save even foolish people from themselves.

Hypocrites in the "House"

by **DR. MARIE STOPES** *(President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, Author of "Married Love")*

DR. STOPES is writing a series of articles on topics of vital interest to women. She invites correspondence, and readers' queries addressed to her at this office will be dealt with as speedily as possible if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

MR. THURTLE, one of the Labour M.P.'s who is actively interested in the needs of the working-class woman, has just brought in a short Bill to authorise local authorities to incur expenditure when deemed expedient in affording birth-control knowledge to married women who desire it. The Bill was rejected by 167 votes to 81.

The curious feature of this voting was the very large number of Members who absented themselves from the House—men known to be so much in favour of birth control that they are using it (or appear to be using it) in their own families, men even known to us to be quite sympathetic to our own movement, kept away rather than go openly into the lobbies in favour of the *poor* woman getting knowledge.

WHY was this? *The fault of their constituents.* Yes, the fault of you readers of JOHN BULL who have each failed to demand that your M.P. should vote in favour when opportunity arises in the House.

Now, those actually in favour of birth control are in a very large majority, particularly in every working-class district where the poor women and her husband are up against the real facts of life. But that majority has not taken the trouble to make itself felt.

SO the individual Members of the House of Commons are more or less intimidated, or at any rate silenced, by the noisy minority of highly organised experts who get the ear of the Press by implying that they represent "morality" and the majority of a voiceless public.

The Press has enormous power, and at present the anti-humanitarians, the anti-birth controllers, unduly impress it.

So long as that is so, M.P.s will feel that the public is not behind the reform, unless their own constituents, individually, din into their ears the fact that the public is determined no longer to permit coercion by the Minister of Health so as to keep the working classes in ignorance.

In the House, Mr. Barr, another Labour Member, opposed Mr. Thurtle, talking a good deal of nonsense, in the course of which he said that "a bountiful Creator has provided ample resources for all, if there was wise production and just distribution."

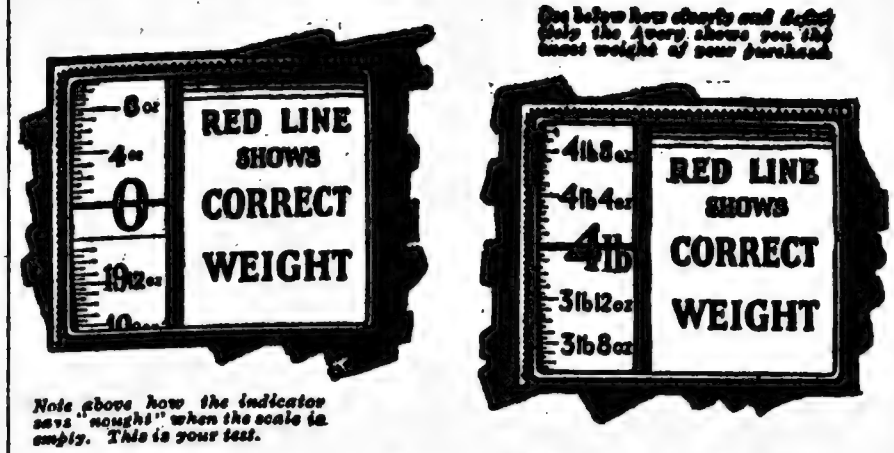
What has that got to do with birth control or the working woman's need for it? Doesn't he know that the wife of a millionaire can ruin her health with excessive child-bearing if she is ignorant of birth-control just as completely as a slum mother is ruined by too frequent child-bearing?

Birth control is needed because women must space their children to do the best by them in *every* social class. The upper classes have this knowledge; the poorer classes should, and would have it, if the Ministry of Health did not obstruct the doctors and nurses by a piece of needless class antagonism.

WHY should the working woman of England be ground under the heel of coercion?

Because of the apathy, and the lack of a sense of personal responsibility in *every* voter in this country. Here's a thing for you working men and you working women, each and all to do for yourselves and your class.

Write to your own M.P. and let him know what you think about the subject. Don't leave it to the opponents to be the only ones who are active.



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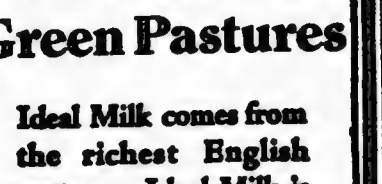


Human Documents

Dragged Down by Drugs

A Tragic Lie—Robbing Workmates—Unequally Yoked

"I AM a single woman, nearly fifty years of age, and a trained nurse by profession. For many years I have periodically had to undergo severe operations, ten or eleven in all. I have, therefore, been unable to retain a post long enough to enable me to rise to a responsible position, so I decided to invest what little money I had in a small nursing home.

"After a time my health again broke down and I sought relief in small doses of morphia, and I became a slave to the habit. At last, in desperation, I sold my home and placed myself under the care of an eminent specialist.

"The drastic treatment which I underwent at his hands banished the craving for morphia, but I was left in a terribly weak condition.

"FOR months I suffered agonies from insomnia and general debility, and my resolution became weakened. In a moment of despair I induced a doctor to inject a sedative drug containing a preparation of opium, and once more I became addicted to the habit.

"Although I could work while taking this drug, it was so costly that I became ruined financially. Again I resorted to the eminent specialist whose treatment had benefited me before, and once more I was cured.

"After this, I was absolutely penniless. I tried to work but I broke down frequently. I had not paid National Health Insurance contributions as I could not get accepted as a voluntary contributor, so I was obliged at last to apply for Poor Law relief.

"Although treated with every kindness and consideration, this pauperisation is causing me great unhappiness, and I feel I am losing my self-esteem. I almost feel that as my life is an utterly useless one now, I ought to end it.

"I have appealed frequently to the guardians to find me work, but without avail. My trouble is that I suffer from recurrent attacks of illness, which make it impossible for me to be depended upon.

"I AM still apparently a young active woman, and the feeling of shame at having to line up in a queue to receive relief overwhelms me. I am losing my self-respect and I feel compelled to shun my friends, especially as I have no money for clothes to dress in accordance with my former position.

"Do you not think there are already too many useless encumberers of the earth, and is it not natural that I should feel it my bounden duty to make way for more useful members of society?

"After all, the law of Nature is the survival of the fittest and surely my passing over to another phase of existence would not cause me endless remorse and punishment in that other life?

"What can I do? Can you offer me any advice? There are pensions for widows, orphans and others, but apparently there is no help for a single woman worsted in the battle of life."

"HUMANIST" says: *You are taking an unnecessarily gloomy view of life. Your success in the conflicts of overcoming the craving for drugs should encourage you to continue in the struggle for life, though it may seem hard. If you can bring comfort to one sick bed, or ease the passing of a single soul, your life is not lived in vain. I hope you may receive some financial assistance from the organization whose address I am sending you by post.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I AM a young woman, twenty-eight years of age. For three years I have been keeping company with a married man. His wife left him nine years ago and he has never heard of her since. The knowledge that he is married causes me great unhappiness, for I have become very much attached to him.

Bonds to Break

"Do you think it is possible that in time there will be a change in the divorce laws which will enable people who are so situated to obtain a divorce on the ground of desertion alone, as I understand is possible in Scotland?

"The prospect of remaining devoted friends only for an indefinite period is not a very pleasant one for either of us. My heart aches for a home of my own and a child at my breast, but I fear such joys can never be mine without a change in the divorce laws."

"HUMANIST" says: *Lord Buckmaster has introduced a Bill which, if it were passed into law, would enable husbands or wives to obtain annulment of marriage after prolonged desertion, and I suggest that you should write to your M.P., urging him to support that measure when it again comes up for consideration.*

* * *

"IN the colliery in which I am employed, each stall is worked by five or six men. It is the custom of the company to pay to one man in each stall the wages due and he distributes the money among his mates.

Work without Wages

"Apparently, the system was introduced to simplify bookkeeping and save trouble.

"Recently one stall-man, having received the wages for the others, decamped with the lot.

"His four mates applied to the company for their pay, but they were refused, the company arguing that the wages had already been paid and that it was no concern of theirs if the money was not properly handed over.

"Four men thus worked the whole week and received no wages, and it was only with difficulty that they were able to procure food and other requirements for their families."

"HUMANIST" says:—*Refer the matter to your trade union. It seems a monstrous injustice that the men should have received no wages, and I do not consider that the system of payment you describe absolves the colliery company from their obligation in the matter.*

Have You Cashed those Coupons?

"JOHN BULL'S" Great PEN OFFER

See page 2

"I AM a married woman with a boy eleven years old. Shortly before we were married my husband became unreasonably jealous regarding my association with another young man who had at one time courted me, some busybody having put the idea into his head that we had not conducted ourselves properly.

A Tragedy of Temper

"The matter appeared to be cleared up before we married, for this young man went frankly to my husband and assured him that these rumours were baseless.

"Some time after we were married my husband commenced to illtreat me, and I found that somehow suspicion had been revived in his mind, and presently he declared that he did not believe he was the father of our child.

"Thinking he no longer loved me or the boy and that it would be better to be rid of him, in a wild moment of temper I told him that the child was not his.

"I would give anything to recall that hasty lie, for my life has been miserable ever since, and now it seems impossible for me to convince my husband that I have always been faithful to him.

"He now treats me simply as a housekeeper and seeks his amusement in other society."

"HUMANIST" says:—*You are indeed paying very dearly for telling a lie in a temper, but considering the nature of that lie I do not see what else you can expect. If you cannot convince your husband that he is the father of your child, the man he believes to be the father might be able to do so.*

* * *

Shirking a Duty

"A year ago my daughter gave birth to an illegitimate child and the father, after paying for its maintenance for a few weeks, left the country. He has since returned and I am anxious to know whether it is still possible to apply for an affiliation order against him."

"Humanist" says: *Application for an affiliation order should be made within twelve months after birth of the child, or if the father leaves the country within that period and subsequently returns, within twelve months after his return.*

Catholic and Protestant

"I am a Roman Catholic. For two years I have been courting a girl who is a Protestant, but she refuses to marry me unless I agree that any children shall be brought up according to her religious ideas. It seems a pity that two people suited to each other should be made unhappy by such a difference of opinion."

"Humanist" says: *I can only remind you of the Scriptural injunction not to be unequally yoked together, and unless you can sink your differences you would be well advised to give up the idea of marriage.*

A Broken Breadwinner

"I have become almost totally incapacitated through having lost the use of my limbs, and my income has dwindled down to a few shillings a week. My wife goes out to work and earns good money, but refuses to contribute to household expenses. The guardians say they cannot assist me as my wife is earning money. Can I compel her to help?"

"Humanist" says: *Ask the guardians to approach your wife on the matter. If you should become chargeable to them, I think they could make her contribute towards your support out of her separate property or earnings, but her loyalty to her marriage vows should compel her to do her duty.*

What makes a good cook?

A good cook knows what to use for every dish to produce the best result. The cornflour that she puts into a macaroni cheese or a tomato soup is put there because she knows that cornflour will make them creamy without "richness" — therefore, perfectly digestible. She uses

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

in the Brown & Polson way. For instance, a Blancmange made in Brown & Polson's way calls for only 2½ oz. of cornflour to a quart of milk and has a teaspoonful of butter in it. Make a Blancmange in this way and notice the difference.

1-lb., 9d.; ½-lb., 4½d.; ¼-lb., 2¼d.

COUPON.

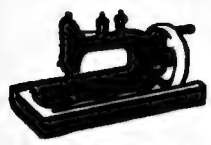
To Brown & Polson, Ltd., 44, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

I enclose 1d. stamp for "Simple Home Cookery."

Name _____ (Please print in capitals.)

Address _____

TRYER YOURS for 3/-



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Cash Price, 42/6
With cover, 55/-

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for a Hornless Gramophone, or 1/6 weekly buys a No. 300A Model with gigantic horn, solid oak cabinet, large motor and extra loud Sound Reproducer. Sent (with 10 tunes) carriage paid on 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Massive Mahogany Cabinets and Table Grands at very low prices. Write to-day for Art Catalogue.

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'Keep fit on cocoa'

For the sturdy outdoor child, or for the studious one, a cup of "Bournville—the cocoa that tastes like chocolate"—makes breakfast and supper more enjoyable. It is food below pre-war price.

See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION

IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER

CICFA RESTORES DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting or eating away from home, it is not the LIVER—it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble. READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel, the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard, dry masses or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

"5, Mornington St.,
"Leicester.

"Dear Sirs,—I feel I would like to tell you the benefit I have received from taking your Cicfa tablets.

"I have suffered greatly from Indigestion and Acidity in Stomach for years, and was advised to try them at Easter. After taking three bottles, commencing with six a day and then reducing them, I have found I am completely cured, that I have no need to take them for myself, but keep them in the house, as my wife uses them when attacked with Wind round the heart. I have recommended them to quite a number of people; in fact, I have just taken some to a friend who has not tried them. The reason I have not written before is that I wanted to be sure it would not return, and I still find I can eat anything now without feeling any sign of that old complaint.

"Trusting that others will find the same benefit as me, I remain,
"Yours truly,
"(Signed) H. W. COZENS."

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

- GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
- ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
- TONGUE Coated White all over.
- COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
- EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
- PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

- GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
- Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
- ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- TONGUE coated yellow at back.
- COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
- EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia, or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, **while any remedy which can Cure must ensure the Digestive Ferments to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa can do this, because **Cicfa gradually restores Digestion** along the whole alimentary tract.

19,108 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can purchase it and begin using it at once.

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TO RELIEVE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength). Take this home and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing becomes easy, and the mucus stops dropping into the throat. This prescription is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises or Catarrh in any form should give this a trial. There is nothing better.

LADIES!

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NOTE: These Repps cannot be equalled elsewhere at the price, and should not be confused with others sold at lower prices.

Write for patterns. Write for patterns.

Our Letter Parliament

Shaking the "Duster"

Unwelcomed Inventions—Living on Losses—Psychic Perils

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER" has got a very large bee in his bonnet—a Bolshevik bee. Whilst posing as an optimist he has shown that he is a glum and woeful pessimist.

Having a fairly long experience of workers and wage-earners, both unionist and non-unionist, I make bold to state that the man for whom he uses the bogey word, "Bolshevik," is a negligible factor, and to the average operative an amusing, harmless, but tolerable person.

He serves a useful purpose in exactly the same manner as "A Gentleman with a Duster" himself. Both cause people to open their eyes to things and conditions they would not otherwise notice.

Class-consciousness and snobbery were with us before the word "Bolshevik" was known in this country.

Life is full of grooves, and it is so easy to misunderstand. Here is a case in point.

Travelling home one night from work, along with some mates, on the top of a tramcar, rather crowded, a parson mounted the deck and we made room for him to sit beside us.

He said, "That's right, make room for another workman; of course, I am a workman, too, although you may not think so. But you see I work with my brains and you work with your hands."

I remarked to him, "And what about the man who works with both, sir?" He replied, "But they don't, do they?"

Of course we had to laugh and he was quite concerned; so we pointed out to him how impossible it would be for any craftsman to do a job without making quick calculations and applying certain principles whilst actually using tools.

We also got a surprise when he said, "Do you know that never struck me. I am so pleased to meet you and hope to see you again." We parted, all, I believe, with a little more tolerance and understanding. We should pray and work for understanding.

And if our leaders in politics, industry, and Press possess any intellectual or moral superiority let them show us an example by giving *us* fair play, and not foul, and because they have vested interests in coolie labour, expect us to exist under coolie conditions.

We are white men and understand something of cause and effect. It is not fair work or fair play to deliberately manufacture an extremist and then blame him for existing.

"A Gentleman with a Duster" would have us believe that extremism had its origin in Russia, and that Moscow is now its centre.

The present position of Russia was inevitable—or history is all wrong. As a boy at school I could see it. Who could read of the despots of Imperial Russia, of the historically cruel and bloodthirsty Cossacks, without saying to himself that he would die a thousand deaths if possible to alter it? No one of spirit.

Autocracy cannot live. It is sure to burst of surfeit, and all the bogey words the finest political agents can invent will not prevent it.

But the common-sense and fine humour of the English people will eventually bring a real understanding, and a peaceful issue to our present difficulties—not new by any means.

So, dear "Gentleman," cheer up. Remember the old cry, "Are we downhearted? *No!*" "Have we got the wind up? *No!*" So, please leave Russia alone. Give us a change, or we shall get fed up. Grab your "duster" and dry those tears.—*Craftsman, Blackpool.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Inventors Burked

I believe it is a fact that scores of inventions are pigeon-holed by those to whom they are submitted, not because employers think they are not needed, but for fear someone else will get them. America has benefited, and we have had to pay, having lost the value of the inventors, who have gone to countries where their inventions were welcome.—*J. S., Bolton.*

The Communist Game

A Communist acquaintance once informed me that most of the money raised for the assistance of the unemployed was generally used by the Communists for propaganda purposes. He said that the Communist game was to keep hungry men as hungry as possible, and thereby inflame their passions against the more fortunate of the community. If this statement is authentic, the Communist Party should be shunned by every decent-minded Englishman.—*J. D. B., London, S.E.*

Two-job Men

Plymouth and Devonport (combined) employ one meat inspector, whilst many towns in Cornwall possess none. In some parts of the country sanitary inspectors are required to be qualified meat inspectors also. Even so, the sanitary duties come first. Again, to qualify as a meat inspector, it is necessary, for examination purpose, to be a certified sanitary inspector. To my mind this is wrong, as one should specialise either in one or the other.—*J. Bateman, C.R.San.I., Ford, Devonport.*

The Bankrupt Butcher

After reading your article on food profiteers I can only come to the conclusion that some vendors are too severely judged. During the war I made a fairly large profit, but since then trade has been very bad. Last week I earned 10s. out of which I had to keep my family, while the week previous I was £5 short. My customers have been unable to pay me for the goods purchased, and, consequently, my savings have nearly all been spent in order to make both ends meet.—*Butcher, Leeds.*

Cotton-mill Frauds

Only those directly concerned know the havoc wrought by cotton-mill frauds—life-savings gone, homes and businesses sold up, bitter disappointment and privation. My own widowed mother, aged seventy-seven, has lost her little all. Oldham contains two classes of people to-day—the rich, who were "in the know," and the poor, who were not, and who have been fleeced. As you say, something must be done to render such disasters impossible in the future.—*S., Oldham.*

Sharing the Profits

I am the proprietor of a joinery and woodworking business. Thinking that the output was not in proportion to wages paid, I agreed to pay 10 per cent. of the value of the output above a certain amount each month. As a result, the output increased, and profits showed improvement. I also could safely be away from the factory as there was no fear of slacking. I am now paying 15 per cent. bonus and profits are still increasing.—*An Employer, Willesden.*

Breeding Criminals

Three youths walked from London to Liverpool in the hope of finding work, without success, their travels bringing them to Loughborough. Not having broken their fast for two days they stole and drank half a pint of milk, for which they were summoned and sentenced for seven, fourteen and twenty-eight days' imprisonment respectively. If this is not breeding criminals, what is?—*W. L., Derby.*

Press and Purity

The suppression of details of divorce and such-like cases is not a matter for legislation, but rather one which lies with the Press itself. Unhappily, there are many people who buy certain newspapers mainly to read the prurient stories they publish. Here is a great opportunity for the Press to work for purity, at the same time remembering that publicity is often as great a punishment for the corrupt as is the actual result of the trial.—*W. L., Everton.*

Grief's Parade

For downright common-sense commend me to Mabel Horner's "The Indecent Burial." Far too long have we made a practice of too much ostentation and borne its crushing and unnecessary expense. Outside pomp and ceremony form no part of real sorrow. What are such, plus costly "stones" over a dear one's grave? Evidence to the world at large, that is all. Sorrow is no more real on account of them. If our dead see from the beyond they know our hearts and by such knowledge are aware of our love and sorrow at their departure. Grief is cheapened by pageantry.—*Bessie Wilson, Staffs.*

Spiritualism's Terrors

A verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind" was given in a recent case of a woman who had put an end to her life after reading a number of spiritualist pamphlets. Ought there not to be an official enquiry into such cases? I know of two girls who have been persuaded to take up spiritualism. They were told by some "spiritualistic apostle" that they were particularly "psychic" and likely to make good mediums. The truth of the matter was that they were nothing but a couple of nervous, highly strung, hysterical young girls, the very last type of individuals who should be induced to take up spiritualism.—*M. M. J., Filey.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"THOMPSON'S WEEKLY NEWS":—"Bits of linen sheets come in handy for centres of tray cloths or DOOR LEGS."

"NEW MAGAZINE":—"The inspector twisted ONE of his long red moustaches and smiled a little grimly AT THE OTHER."

"SCHOOL FRIEND":—"Clara had a hockey stick in her HAND, and she looked as though she might at any moment PICK IT UP."

"THE POPULAR":—"Through the door, which stood open, they saw the bare rolling country, DOTTED here and there with wind-swept SEAS."

"MEXBRO' AND SWINTON TIMES":—"The Wath and District Gas Board are proposing to instal gas-heated coppers FREE, at a COST of about £2 each."

KEEP YOUR WIRELESS SET IN "TUNE"

Osram Valves

for Broadcasting

The G.E.C. guarantee

Radio Talks.

Little Oliver B. B. C.

by **Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association**

THE British Broadcasting Company is asking for more money. As long as this does not amount to a further demand upon the licence-payer, it will have the support of the public. It is very evident that a new science like wireless must have money spent upon it for development. There should, however, be a listener's representative on the council which spends this money.

* * *

If it is correct that the cost of collecting wireless licences by the Post Office is so economical that after paying 7s. 6d. to the B.B.C. there is a surplus which goes towards other Government funds, the listener should support the B.B.C. in its request for more money.

Let the B.B.C. take the listener into its confidence; it will gain the backing of every thinking person.

* * *

The Mellovox Loud Speaker is a very interesting instrument; it seems to lend itself to attractive appearance, and as wireless is becoming a part of the furnishing of every room, looks are more important to-day than in bygone experimental times.

* * *

The absurd rumour spread in some quarters concerning the scrapping of present wireless sets to make room for short-wave receivers was dealt with very promptly by JOHN BULL, and it was followed up by the suggestion that alternative programmes were needed and that an educational wave should be instituted.

Both these suggestions have now appeared in the B.B.C. evidence before the Broadcasting Committee!

Quite 90 per cent. of the wireless troubles brought to my notice are divisible into three classes. Firstly, dirt; no one seems to trouble to clean sets or aerial insulators; secondly, the high-tension battery; and, thirdly, we have our old friend the accumulator in bad condition.

It is worth remembering that all the cells in an H.T. battery do not usually run down together. A number of cells can be connected up from several old high-tension batteries to give long service without extra cost.

* * *

A scheme is under consideration by the leading wireless societies by which traders may obtain certificates of competency. It is not intended to favour the large dealer any more than the small shop, but it is felt that the public would be glad to know where skilled wireless service can be obtained.

* * *

Judging by the great variation in the length and arrangement of aerials, it is not usually appreciated that they should be so erected that only a small condenser capacity is necessary in the aerial circuit.

Condensers absorb and waste a certain amount of the signal strength from the aerial, which should always be kept as free as possible from trees and buildings.

Vertical aerials are very satisfactory, but it is most difficult to avoid buildings and damp walls.

A change in the direction in which an aerial points is always worth trying in cases of bad distance reception and interference by electric tramways or other machinery.

16/=

will buy a GECoPHONE Junior Crystal Set—the ideal set for those seeking perfect reception at a small outlay. Ask your dealer to demonstrate it!

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JUNIOR CRYSTAL SET

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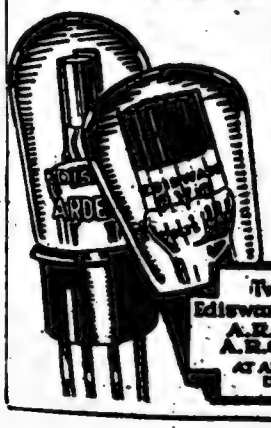
EDISWAN

P.V.6. (Power) A.R.D.E.

VALVES

they give reception that is unexcelled for clarity and volume. Try them on *your* set and learn how free from trouble wireless can be.



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"Duggie never owes."

Douglas Stuart

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UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.

NO WAY BARRED.

1/3rd Odds for a Place

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SINGLES, DOUBLES, OR ACCUMULATORS.

Don't Delay—Post to-day

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"A big firm such as

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(Sole Propr. M. Benson)

—*Daily Chronicle.*

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ON

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NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE.

1/3rd ODDS A PLACE.

S.P. BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

Apply to-day.

250, Hope Street, Glasgow.

A Millionaire's Ambition

Mr. Sanford after Another National—Mount Etna's Chance—The Sergeant as Tutor—A Sunderland Double—Peerless Sceptre

I WAS sorry my Grand National fancy, Old Tay Bridge, did not turn out at Sandown, but I understand Frank Hartigan could not obtain the services of the jockey he wanted. Top Light won for the code selections at the other meeting, and I had hopes of bringing off my fourth double within three weeks—Socrates and Savernake 18½ to 1, Marsin and Blaris 11½ to 1, and Miniver and Regicles were the other three.

Could Jump a House

However, I saw another National candidate which I think is going to play a big part in the Aintree race, Mount Etna. This massive young 'chaser may have been lucky to win the Stanley Cup, but he jumped as if he had been schooled to go over the side of a house. This is an Aintree requisite.

A Millionaire's Ambition

Mount Etna is owned by the young American millionaire, Mr. Sanford, who has already captured one National with Sergeant Murphy, and is eager to win another. He has entered Bright's Boy as well, but I think the big 'chaser is the pea. In fact, as there are three places to be filled, he is quite likely to cause a minor eruption.

The Sergeant and Drifter as Tutors

All three are being put through their paces in company with the Sergeant and Drifter. Drifter is a slow old beast, but he has never come to grief at Aintree, and ought to be able to show the others the way to go home. Blackwell, the only trainer I know who has won the Derby and the National, has charge of Mr. Sanford's string.

George Blackwell, Mr. Sanford's trainer

A Sunderland Double

I am quite satisfied at the moment with my Lincoln selections, Coram and Sunderland. My colleague who is responsible for the "Soccer Selections" tells me that Sunderland will also win the F.A. Cup. A nice, sporting double. Ask your bookie what odds he'll give you.

Why Lustucru Has Been Backed

The fact that Lustucru has been backed from 40 to 1 to 14 to 1 for the Carholme race was sufficient for a number of readers to ask me what I know about this dark Frenchman. Lustucru has useful form over jumps, but what a horse can do over hurdles in a race of a mile and three-quarters is not always a safe guide over shorter cuts.

What the Book Says

Over hurdles Lustucru is made out by recent form to be about two stone in front of Cyrus, and Cyrus was last year much the same horse as Coram, so that if the form be a safe guide, Lustucru, who receives 11 lbs., should easily beat Coram. In spite of the book of form, the owner and 'Gene Leigh, the trainer of Coram, refuse to believe that their horse cannot give the weight to Lustucru.

Sceptre the Peerless

The death of Sceptre brought me a batch of letters from readers asking for the history of this peerless race-horse. She is worthy of a novel, but I am afraid I haven't time to write it. Mr. Robert Standish Sievier, the present Turf correspondent of the *People*, purchased Sceptre as a filly in 1900 for 10,000 guineas—a record sum in those days. She won thirteen of her twenty-five races, valued at nearly £40,000, and was only unplaced three times. Her three-year-old career was remarkable. Carrying 6 st. 7 lbs. she ran second to St. Maclou in the Lincoln. She was fourth in the Derby, but she won the One Thousand Guineas, Two Thousand, the Oaks, and the St. Leger.

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Maraka should be backed until he is beaten. Judging by his Sandown Park performance, he is very smart.

Don't forget my recent remarks about Sound Asleep and Four Poster, the gelded sons of Feather Bed. Second and fourth at Sandown, both will win shortly.

Maudling has not yet won a race for Mercer, but he should be followed in two-mile selling races. He likes a course with left-hand turns.

I received a red-hot tip at the last minute for Merry Michael to win at Ludlow. Gilbert's four-year-old was backed for pounds, shillings, and pence, but slipped up to the old bogey Ceylonese. I should trust a little to Merry Michael next time out.

Back the favourites at Windsor this week.

Parker, P.C.

Charles Austin, the popular variety artiste, whose famous comedy sketch, "Parker P.C." has delighted thousands, is the newest race-horse owner, and he hopes to win the Derby of 1927 with his first purchase, Parker. There are possibilities about Parker as his sire is Sir Berkeley, a Sunstar horse. Sunstar won the Derby of 1911 practically on three legs. Mr. Austin's youngster possesses four very sound ones. The popular artiste has decided to register his colours as constable's blue.

The Very Careful Man

I met a friend at Sandown Park whose luck was dead out. He is one of the few men I know who make racing pay, and his success is due to the fact that he keeps his eyes and ears well open. One of his rules is—Never stake until the horses have cleared the first flight of hurdles or fences. The market informed him that Maraka and Bruff Battle were money for nothing, but, as usual, he waited for the off and the first jump.

How They Won

Maraka was left at the flag twenty lengths, so he put his fiver back in his pocket. Maraka made up the lost ground and won cleverly. Bruff Battle blundered the first jump so, as he thought, he saved another fiver. The horse won with Mr. H. A. Brown looking round for the rest of the runners. It does not always pay to be ultra-cautious.

Week-end Engagements Not Wanted

Our friends across the Channel are still endeavouring to persuade crack English jockeys to sign up for week-end engagements in France for the coming season, but their efforts are not meeting with much success. It is not merely that the terms in francs are unattractive. There is the growing resentment shown by the native jockeys and also the danger arising from reckless riding, which is far more common in France than is realised here.

Frank Dempsey Approached

Frank Dempsey is the latest to be approached from France, where they want him to succeed Frank Bullock, who used to ride frequently for the Wittouck stable. He is now on his way back from Australia, but I doubt if he will accept. Frank will ride Dignity in the Lincoln.

A LINCOLN LAY

It's NOTHING VENTURE nothing win
And so I mean to try
To back the Lincoln first this year
Or meet my PHILLIPI.
Proud as a PASHA I shall be
If, by a TOUR DE FORCE
My horse like any BIRCHBROOM sweeps
His way along the course.
ARGEIA at me, you cynics, but
I'm on my DIGNITY,
And CORAM, like a ROCKETER,
Will win the race for me.
A BRIGHTER LONDON I shall know,
But one thing isn't nice,
My bookie is a ZIONIST,
He's sure to PINCH the price.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

L 2 U H E K B I W D Z C 3 Q

A M F R N J Y P T X O V G S

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

2ZFEWNWEL would read MOUNT ETNA.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, February 17, to Tuesday, February 23.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Manchester C., Southend, Sunderland, Tottenham, Middlesbrough, Swindon.

5 HOME.—Leeds, Middlesbrough, Wolverhampton, Aberdare, Reading.

4 HOME.—Manchester C., Southend, Aberdare, Swindon.

3 AWAY.—Newcastle, Huddersfield, Chesterfield.

3 DRAWS.—Millwall v. Swansea, Cardiff v. Birmingham, Rochdale v. Grimsby.

3 HOME 2 AWAY.—Tottenham, Middlesbrough, Aberdare, Huddersfield, Chesterfield.

1 HOME 1 AWAY 1 DRAW.—Southend, Newcastle, Durham v. Halifax.

FORECASTS FOR FEBRUARY 27.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Bury, Everton, Huddersfield, Manchester C., Sheffield U., Sunderland, Tottenham, West Bromwich.

"FORM" DOES MATTER!

and the best book of Form is

"The Sporting Life and Sportsman"

SUMMARY OF PAST RACING

2/6. By post from the Publisher, 2/10.

Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Bolton.

DRAW.—Cardiff v. Arsenal.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Bradford C., Clapton O., Darlington, Derby, Port Vale, Southampton.

AWAY WINNERS.—South Shields, Swansea.

DRAWS.—Blackpool v. Portsmouth, Hull v. Preston.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Coventry, Doncaster, Nelson, New Brighton, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale, Chesterfield, Grimsby.

DRAWS.—Barrow v. Hartlepool, Lincoln v. Bradford, Wrexham v. Halifax.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Brentford, Brighton, Millwall, Northampton, Norwich, Southend, Watford.

AWAY WINNER.—Reading.

DRAWS.—Bristol C. v. Exeter, Crystal Palace v. Swindon.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Cowdenbeath, Motherwell, Partick, Queen's Park, Raith Rovers, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNERS.—Airdrie, Falkirk.

DRAWS.—Dundee v. Glasgow Rangers, Hearts v. Celtic.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS

WHITE, FISHER & CO.

144m, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL

INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"

7 LEAGUES 6 LISTS

NOTHING BARRED.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Applicants from London & Districts can call, write or 'phone Gerrard 2512

SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169-173, Regent Street, London.

RACING

No Limit. Weekly A/cs.

We pay all postage.

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

DAVID COPE

AND

ALFRED H. MAURICE

25, North Albion St., Glasgow, C.1

LINCOLN & NATIONAL WATERLOO CUP.

Letter Commissions. No Limit.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS.

Winnings by return of post.

For Credit Accounts only apply to—
DAVID COPE, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

"SAFETY FIRST!!"

ALFRED H. MAURICE

OFFERS FREE

£250

WEEKLY FOR

NAMING FOUR TEAMS

CHALLENGER Credit Coupons

NOTHING BARRED. NOTHING STARRED.

A Few Vacancies for Agents.

Send at once for particulars.

ALFRED H. MAURICE

THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT,

19, BRIDE LANE, E.C. 4.

Here is the Death-Blow to

"BURNING" NEURITIS

Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago!

50,000 sufferers relieved of pain! Such has been the result of our free gift of 50,000 trial supplies of "Esmolin," to prove convincingly how it gives rapid relief and freedom "for all time" from "burning" Neuritis, Arthritis, Sciatica Rheumatism, and Lumbago.

Among the hundreds of letters of appreciation was one from the grand-daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., who had despaired of her own cure—until she discovered "Esmolin." To demonstrate her gratitude in a practical manner, Mrs. Gooch purchased "Esmolin" from her chemist, and

THIS GRATEFUL LADY GAVE 7,000 BOTTLES AWAY.

Read her letter of appreciation:—

"Dear Sirs,—I am writing to tell you how highly I think of 'Esmolin.' It has cured me of Neuritis and Muscular Rheumatism. I am old, and so pleased to be free from pain that I am giving it away. I have distributed it to taxi-drivers, banks, clubs, business houses, etc., and they all speak well of it.

"I am, yours truly,
"M. C. GOOCH."

Here also are brief extracts from a few of the hundreds of appreciative letters we are constantly receiving:—

"I am glad to tell you that it has done my arm a lot of good. I have had neuritis in my elbow for two years. . . . it has eased the pain. I think if I continue I shall be able to use my arm all right again.
"J. REDSTONE,
Wellington, Som."

"Your free sample of 'Esmolin' has in a short time cured me of great pain. I have suffered from Neuritis and sometimes Rheumatism for about three years. I am now able to go about a lot better and work my shoulders with ease.
"(Miss) H. GIBSON, Dean Bank, Ferryhill."

YOU TOO, can be one of these grateful relieved sufferers. The cost of a bottle is so small (1/3 and 3/-) and the pain vanishes so rapidly that no sufferers should hesitate to afford themselves instant relief.

HOW TO CURE YOURSELF RAPIDLY.

FIRST, bathe the painful part in water as hot as can be borne. Dry, and then quickly rub in "Esmolin." Like magic the pain dies away, and the burning hot feeling is followed by a soothing sensation of coolness—like oil on a burn.

REPEAT this "Esmolin" Treatment morning and night, and it will rapidly overcome and banish for ever that "Burning" Neuritis, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago.

GIVE IT A PERSONAL TRIAL!

That's the proof. Nothing can demonstrate so conclusively the wonderful rapid curative powers of "Esmolin" as a personal trial. If you suffer from "Burning" Neuritis (or any other of the painful complaints mentioned) go or send now for "Esmolin."

The relief that will so quickly follow this personal trial must be experienced to be believed—especially by those who have tried other remedies without good results. Purchase freedom from pain NOW by buying a bottle of "Esmolin."

1/3 BOTTLE

OF ALL FIRST-CLASS CHEMISTS

including Boots', Taylors' Drug Stores, Timothy White's, etc., etc.

If any difficulty in obtaining ESMOLIN, write for a 1/3 or 3/- Bottle to be sent post free by return, direct from

THE ESMOLIN CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 110, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

3/- (4 times 1/3 size)

Esmolin KILLS NEURITIS

Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica & Lumbago

LAST TWO WEEKS OF

GREAT SARTOR SALE

DO NOT DELAY—WRITE AT ONCE

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS—write NOW and make sure of getting the best "value for money" raincoat on the market, at SALE PRICE. You will be surprised at the wonderful value offered.

The SARTOR "4 in 1" is the ideal garment for Winter wear—being absolutely RAINPROOF and COLDPROOF—and at 30/- SALE PRICE is a real bargain. It is expertly tailored and its special features are:—

1. Outer coat of triple-proofed GABARDINE. 2. Waterproof fabric interlining. 3. Cosy check lining. 4. Snug, fleecy-wool lining, which is detachable.

The Famous SARTOR RAINCOAT From **18/6**

Carriage paid in British Isles. For a further TWO WEEKS ONLY.

Made from a fully-proofed GABARDINE with cosy check lining and expertly tailored throughout. For Ladies, Gents, Maids, and Youths in many shades and styles. SEND NOW FOR FREE PATTERNS, etc.

SEND NO MONEY, just a postcard for FREE PATTERNS, STYLE BOOK, etc. See the value offered—then order at SALE PRICE and remember—if you are not absolutely satisfied with your purchase YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL WITHOUT QUESTION. You take no risks in dealing with us, so why not send that postcard NOW?

ONLY TWO WEEKS LEFT!

SALE PRICE 30/-

Carriage Paid in British Isles

SARTOR MANUFACTURING Co., (Dept. J.) Derby St., Cheetham, Manchester. Branches: 220, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1; 43, Oxford St., Manchester.

Learn to play the Piano well, really brilliantly!

IF YOU WISH TO PLAY REALLY WELL—YOU SHALL—I WILL TEACH YOU!

I SPEAK with this **CONFIDENCE** because I have proved that any person of average health and intelligence can attain even brilliant pianistic ability through the study of my Original, Crystal-Clear, Musicianly **POSTAL LESSONS.**

YOU MAY START without knowing a note, or, if you play already, the ease and certainty with which you will master time, fingering and sight-reading difficulties will be a revelation. I displace the usual wearisome, mechanical drudgery by a novel method of **PHYSICAL** as well as **MENTAL TRAINING** that enables you to carry through everything at the piano with an ease and power almost intoxicating.

I HAVE TAUGHT with consistent success from Ordinary Music over 25,000 Adult Pupils, of all ages, occupations, and degrees of proficiency, from **Advanced Players** with diplomas, to absolute **Beginners.** Of their delight and satisfaction I can tell you.

WRITE for a **FREE COPY** of my book, "**Mind, Muscle and Keyboard,**" fully describing my method, with **FORM** for opinion on your personal case. A postcard (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) and one word to suit you—**Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced.**—Mr. H. BECKER, 493, Bristol House (G.P.O. Box 500a), Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

ANY GRAMOPHONE AND RECORDS FROM 1/- WEEKLY

I offer the best and cheapest selection of high-grade Gramophones and as many Records as you like, **ON APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID.** Small deposit secures immediate delivery. Write for my **FREE LISTS.**

Write for LISTS

Chas. T. Robey THE MUSIC HOUSE OF 3 COVENTRY

CHILDREN'S COLDS AND COUGHS

CURED LIKE ONE O'CLOCK.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER SAYS: "GALLOWAY'S" COUGH SYRUP IS A SPLENDID REMEDY.

Mrs. Eastmead, of 115, Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.C.1, writes:—I feel bound to say a few words in praise of your wonderful COUGH SYRUP. My little girl contracted a very bad cough and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of "GALLOWAY'S" relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy whenever I can.

Every dose of Galloway's Cough Syrup is a sure step to speedy recovery, but be sure that it is "Galloway's."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E. 17 price 1/9 and 3/- post free.

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

"A STITCH in time save nine." And counsel and advice given in time saves needless worry and financial loss. That is why readers who receive fantastic offers concerning speedy money-making schemes should write to JOHN BULL about them first.

Send particulars and stamped addressed envelope and our Free Advice Service will give you counsel in time.

F. T. L. (Fittleworth).—"She says she is just twenty." And how long has she been saying that?

H. G. (London, E.C.).—"Isn't the weather trying?" It is. But seldom succeeding.

F. A. (Lewes).—"Is it true that letter-writing is a lost art." No—we wish to heaven it was.

R. Y. (W. 2)—"I don't like your paper." The office boy is sobbing into what he calls his handkerchief.

"LUCKY" (Wimbledon).—"My wife works as a mannequin, but she's ideal in the home." A model wife, in fact.

B. R. (Basingstoke).—"For a man to deceive his wife is beyond a joke." And beyond his power, too, usually.

T. H. V. (S.W. 1).—"A young man at the head of a firm is a great asset." So long as the top dog isn't a young puppy as well.

"LENINITE" (Wigan).—"The social order is changing." And if you had your way there would be no order at all.

MRS. D. (Dundee).—"Married men are mostly stupid." That explains then why they are married, and why they are stupid.

A. G. (Sunbury).—"My wife made our canary quite ill by overfeeding it." No wonder the poor bird felt seedy.

S. R. (Peterboro').—"I suffer from noises in my ears." Well, where on earth else would you expect to suffer from them?

D. G. (Exeter).—"It would be much better for people if they sometimes sat down and thought a bit." Unfortunately, a lot of them can only sit down.

C. L. N. (Tadcaster).—"Do you call turning the handle of a barrel-organ work?" Yes—we call it a regular grind.

A. A. (Dulwich).—"As soon as he saw me he flew in my face." Well, of course, if you *will* quarrel with aviators!

C. D. E. (Edmonton).—"I'd rather give up my fire than my listening-in." Personally, we'd rather be wireless than fireless.

O. G. (Hampstead).—"My office boy has become quick, attentive and industrious." He must be trying to take a rise out of you.

D. G. (Haversham).—"I heard a jazz band for the first time the other day." How lucky you've been up to now!

D. N. (Maybole).—"And in conclusion I must ask you to destroy this letter." Why didn't you write that on the envelope?

A. D. L. (Bacup).—"What are a woman's chances of marriage to-day?" If she's pretty, good; if she's wealthy, very good; if she's determined—the man doesn't stand an earthly.

C. J. (Peckham).—"I offended my wife by telling her that one of my socks which she mended went into holes again directly I wore it." You seem to have put your foot in it badly.

P. Y. (Sydenham).—"My ill-tempered neighbour called me an idiot over the garden wall." Next time tell him you don't mind admitting that you're next door to one.

MRS. H. (Acton).—"Boys will be boys." But the girls are coming along at the double to dispute the privilege.

L. P. (York).—"After all most plays end happily." Yes, they end. Happily.

B. T. (Cheam).—"Some American films have pretty awful stories." Yes; all stars and tripe.

L. G. (Settle).—"The photographer told me to look pleasant." Some people *are* unreasonable, aren't they?

S. D. (Kew).—"What is true sarcasm?" What you think of when the other fellow's gone.

V. T. (Southport).—"He's a big gun in the Church." A canon?

L. J. (Kidderminster).—"It cost me £1 to get my cold cured." A sovereign remedy, evidently.

T. F. (Highgate).—"I am a clever conjurer." If you call on us we'll ask you to vanish.

R. L. (Bolton).—"It amuses me to write and tell you funny stories." The laugh is all on your side.

A. P. (Trevor).—"When in Rome one should do as the Romans do." Or, better still, as Mussolini says.

B. C. (Mealsgate).—"Do you know the population of this country?" Not all of them, but a lot write to us.

G. M. (St. John's Wood).—"An actor in a good part is a happy man." The pay's the thing!

A. T. (Barnes).—"A transport strike can do no good." But it would put a lot of people on their feet.

MRS. T. (Marlborough).—"How can I remove an ink stain from a white waistcoat?" Outline the mark with a pencil and cut neatly round with sharp scissors.

K. L. (Barnsley).—"The boss sent my chum to Jerusalem on business." Thus putting the pal in Palestine.

A. B. (Burnley).—"Nobody can foretell which team will be the football champions of 1926." There's many a slip twixt the tip and the Cup.

E. B. (Forest Gate).—"£10,000,000 worth of canned goods were imported into this country last year." Why can't we can?

FLOSSIE (Manchester).—"Rain water is good for the complexion, as it's soft." The trouble is that in your city it's usually raining hard.

B. L. (Hove).—"Even doctors feel unwell in this treacherous weather." Certainly they are frequently knocked up.

R. J. (Leytonstone).—"£3 a week and no chance of a rise isn't good enough for a man with a wife and family." If you'd like a £1,500 rise don't miss *Bullets* next week.

Everybody's Buying It!

WHEREVER you travel, wherever you go,
From Pasadena to Pimlico,
From Honolulu to Ohio,
Bath and Birmingham, Bale and Bow,
John o' Groats down to Plymouth Hoe,
You'll hear folks whisper in accents low,
"After you with the *Passing Show!*"

Even in lands of eternal snow,
In the snug igloo of the Eskimo,
Or where skies shine down with a warmer glow
On the crude tepee of the Navaho,
The cry of the moment is just: "Say, Bo!
"After you with *The Passing Show!*"

THE SHOWMAN.

D. S. (Huddersfield).—"Please excuse my few remarks." We would, but they weren't.

C. H. K. (Deal).—"One would think I was an absolute fool." What—only one?

A. H. (Cheam).—"It used to be the custom for Britons to do their duty." Now some people try to dodge their duty by doing the Customs.

N. V. (Holywell).—"There should be a law against crowing roosters." Something should be done to check quacks, too.

G. M. (Chester).—"It is only on a poet's death that the world realises what he has done." Then, of course, he's safely out of reach.

L. B. T. (Chelsea).—"I never say anything unless I know what I am talking about." Doesn't your tongue get out of practice?

H. M. D. (Ely).—"Women are not born with logic." Not many women, for instance realise that 19s. 11½d. is only a very little less than £1.

P. K. (Lewisham).—"We haven't been able to get rid of our inefficient cook, because she has had 'flu, and is only now able to sit up." And take notice?

V. V. (Exeter).—"I feel sure you're a cricketer." We are, and we're never stumped!

J. D. V. (Ealing).—"Didn't my last letter please you?" No, but it would have done if it had been.

C. H. P. (Andover).—"For misbehaviour at school, my boy lost some marks." He was lucky not to get some.

J. D. (Clapton).—"My cousin in America lost his money in a company for promoting a new perpetual-motion clock." So it had to be wound up after all?

W. D. J. (Brighton).—"I don't mind confessing to you that I have a very strong belief in myself." In return for your confidence accept our sincere sympathy.

D. R. (Bristol).—"Though I'm very young it seems to me that life has nothing in it but a succession of trials." Rubbish—you're no judge.

A. P. (Kettering).—"Some girls here think me no end of a dog." And how many others think you no end of a puppy?

G. L. (Devonport).—"My people try to persuade me that I can't sing." Are you sure it isn't you who have persuaded them?

H. H. (Molesey).—"Do you consider spring poets are mad?" Well, when they are near an ink-bottle they certainly get dippy.

F. R. (Hoxton).—"I don't believe my husband is as fond of me as he says he is." Well, if he says he is, these days, that's something.

MRS. G. (Keighley).—"I have informed my son's wife that the law is not a thing to be lightly disregarded." And what did she say when you called yourself a thing?

BUSY BEE (Hounslow).—"I can promise my employer to do my work with my whole soul." And he'll probably ask you to do it with your two hands.

L. J. (Bradford).—"I know a boy scout who is a perfect genius at mimicry." Then he won't have any trouble in doing his good turn.

MISS F. (Brighton).—"Why can't bygones be left undisturbed as bygones?" Because they're so much more profitable made into hash or rissoles.

MISS MAISIE (Holborn).—"I've often wondered why telephone operators are nearly always girls." Because it's a talking job. Next, please.

MRS. T. (Esher).—"Enclosed is photo of my daughter who frightened away two ferocious burglars." We're not surprised.

J. E. (Hellifield).—"Clothes are the chief interest of life to women." Nonsense. You can't say they are at all wrapped up in them.

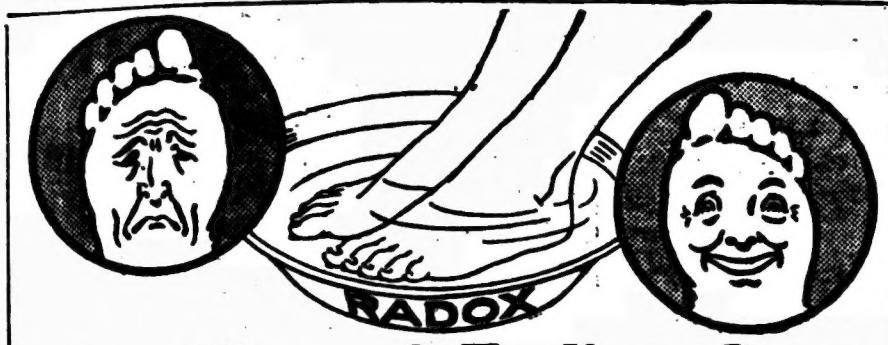
B. T. (Lancaster).—"I'm coming to London to hunt my fortune." You'll have a jolly good hunt, we assure you.

F. C. (Cromer).—"I always think out any worrying difficulty while shaving at my mirror in the morning." Get all your unpleasant reflections over at once, in fact?

MRS. J. K. (Reigate).—"In spite of my age, I dashed after the young rascal who broke my window and gave him a good hiding." You may depend he didn't expect you to pursue him at such a spanking pace.

MRS. S. (Liverpool).—"A little time ago I told you I would never write again, but I expect you have forgotten." On the contrary, it is one of our most charming memories.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



Sure Way of Ending Corns

Don't tolerate the discomfort of corns a day longer. You can end them painlessly—and so easily! Plunge your feet into a hot Radox foot-bath and afterwards you will be able to lift your corns clean out.

Radox is better than all the old-time half-measures. Unlike cutting and plastering, it gets to the *root*. The real cause of the pain is removed. Here is a letter from one who has proved the value of Radox:

"I thoroughly recommend people with sore, tired feet to use your wonderful Radox Bath Salts. After the first foot-bath my feet felt much easier. I could walk much farther than usual without my feet feeling heavy and sore. With continual use my corns and all hard skin vanished as if by magic. When the cold weather started my chilblains were eased by these perfumed salts, and my feet are now free of all old foot troubles.

"I still use Radox Bath Salts and shall continue to do so."

18th Dec., 1925. P. R.

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6
Half Pound Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

HOME EMPLOYMENT

£312 in 3 YEARS!

Mrs. Reader, who purchased a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine in 1922, has received £312 in wages.

NO wonder Mrs. Reader is satisfied with her Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. She has proved to her lasting satisfaction the great usefulness of the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine in the home. The fact that she has earned as much as £312 is the best possible proof that home knitting is a most profitable industry.

During the past three years this Company has paid out over £20,000 in wages to home workers, apart from the big money that these workers have been able to earn on knitted goods they have made and sold privately.

Mrs. Reader's experience is typical of many others. This is what she says:—

1, Bedford Cottages, Liphook, Hants, 6/1/26.

Dear Sirs,

Just over three years ago I bought a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine and it has proved a wonderful investment.

During the past three years I have received from you over £312 in wages for work sent you under my agreement, and have earned quite a nice sum by selling work locally. Your Machine and work guarantee have proved a very great boon. I am able to turn all my spare half-hours into money by having my machine always at hand. I bless the day when I first heard of your offer of employment.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) L. Reader.

If you have spare time which you would like to employ in this profitable way, write for particulars of the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine, together with our offer to purchase your entire output of socks or stockings knitted to our instructions. No experience is necessary. Don't delay. Send now for the

FREE BOOKLET

which tells all about this Wonderful Money-Saving and-Making-Machine.

FILL UP THE COUPON BELOW.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON

To the South British Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. 63X), 91 to 97, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.

Sirs,—I would like to read a copy of your Free Booklet telling how money can be saved and made at home with a Golden Fleece Knitting Machine. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage to:

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. Feb. 20 63X .....

Ask the man who sells them

THE tobacconist cannot keep a stock of *every* brand. But he knows his customers too well ever to run out of

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

MADE ENTIRELY OF VIRGINIA TOBACCO

10 for 6?

W. D. & H. O WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. W.210

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

with wounds or otherwise perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and swollen, that when you press your finger on affected part, an impression remains? If so, under the skin you have poison, which defies all the remedies you have tried. Your knees may be swollen, the joints being ulcerated, same with the ankles, round which the skin is discoloured. The disease if allowed to continue may deprive you of the power to walk. Perhaps you have been told your case is hopeless and advised to submit to amputation. But do not. Get a tin of Grasshopper Ointment, the Great English Remedy with 60 years' reputation.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT

goes to the root of the disease, reduces the inflammation, DRAWS out the poison and positively cures Bad Legs, Ulcers, Swollen Ankles, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Ringworm and Chilblains. Sold by all Chemists, Drug Stores, etc., 1/3 and 3/- a tin, or post free from Grasshopper, Ltd., North Road, Holloway, London, N. 7.

BABY CARS from 52/6

Direct from Factory, On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID. *Retail Profits Saved.* Cash or Easy Terms. *Send now for Free Art Catalogue.* GODIVA CARRIAGE CO (Dept. 56) COVENTRY.

ALONE IN THE WORLD

An Embankment Tragedy

A TRAGEDY which occurred in London last week provides an answer to people who claim that stories of starvation are greatly exaggerated and that there is little need for unofficial charitable enterprise owing to the completeness with which the Poor Law provides against destitution.

On the Thames Enbankment an old man was found lying unconscious and was taken on an ambulance to a London hospital.

It was soon apparent that he had reached the end of life's journey, and the intimation that he was not long for this world was gently conveyed to him, with a request that he would give the name of any relative who might be summoned to his bedside to be with him at the last.

The pathos of his answer almost moved the hospital staff to tears, for he replied sadly that he was absolutely alone in the world and there was no one who would be interested in his departure.

WHEN the end was near he handed the nurse a small packet, asking that it should not be opened until after his death. When it was examined, it was found to contain two Boer War medals.

This memento of honourable service rendered to his country was the only thing, with the exception of a number of pawn-tickets, in the man's possession.

This tragic incident is one of the most moving instances of cases of distress which can only be properly relieved by charitable organisations, such as the "Greatest of These—" Fund.

There are many similar cases, not so picturesque perhaps, or so calculated to stir the imagination, but in every way as pitiable and deserving of assistance, which are brought to our notice week by week and are helped by contributions to our fund.

We earnestly entreat every reader who has a father or a mother whom he would not wish to die in such lonely destitution to send us a subscription, so that we may be able to relieve the distress of the friendless and forlorn who are unable to work and ashamed to beg.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Ada and Doris, 3s.; F. Fellows, 5s.; "In Memory of Greatheart," 1s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; Blackburn, 7½d.; W. B., 2s. 6d.; Ex-Sgt. J. Moyle, £1 6s.; Mrs. M. Questier, 1s.; A Naval Man and Wife, 1s. 1d.; Still Thankful, 2s.; H. B., 1s.; Mrs. A. Walbridge, 5s.; Sympathiser, 3s. 9d.; Darby and Joan, 2s.

Miner's Wife, 2d.; "Bars," 2s.; A. L., 1s.; A Grieve, 1s.; Mrs. M. L. Read, parcel; H. B., 1s.; Verna, 5s.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; K. B. H., 6d.; K. A. B., £1; K. K., 10d.; J. M. G., Estwood, 12s. 6d.; E. R. B. Burn, 9th, 6d.; Selly, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. Needham, 1s.; M. McA., 6d.; J. N. Stephen, 8d.; Signor, 6d.; Norfolk, 5s.; Another 240 Pennies Ante-Dated, £1; Anon., 1s.; Bill and Lott, 1s.; Top Mon, 1s.; R. E. Bowen, 6d.; Unsuccessful Hopeful Bulleteer, 4d.; Unlucky, 6d.; J. Hewitt, 6d.; A. Longley, 6d.; W. Jennings, 2s.; A. G. Spence, 4s.; W. J. Stephens, 1s.; Mrs. R. L. Cook, 6d.; Anon., parcel; L. & J. Garney, 11s.; Auntie La, 6d.; L. A. Rushbrook, 4s.; Mrs. C. Salter, parcel; A. B., 1s.; Shoe Artist, 1s.; Marion's Target, 1s.; Miss R. Wilkinson, 1s.; One Who Has Not Forgotten, 9d.; Thornton Heath, 3½d.; Happiness, 2s.; W. Douglas, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Hemsley, 2 parcels; New Reader, 2s. 6d.; Miss R. Mason, £10; D. B. D. (Ayton), 2s. 6d.; F. E. G., 1s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Nebo, 6d.; B. Greatrex, 4s. 6d.; M. C., 4s. 3d.; Scotch Girl In America, 5 dollars; T. D. Bartlett, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Lily, 1s.; Coventry, 1s.; Cigarettes, 2s. 2d.; J. H., 4d., 1s.; One who is poor, 2s. 6d.; H. E. M., 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 4s.; Mrs. J. Beetson, parcel and 2s.; T. Howarth, 2s. 6d.; J. N., 9th, 6d.; Going Under, 6d.; Reader of "J.B.," 5s.; George, Brighton, 1s.; "Joyce," 1s.

Many acknowledgments are unavoidably held over.

Don't Neglect a Cold

Mothers, don't let colds settle. At the first cough or sneeze, rub Musterole on the throat and chest.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It draws out congestion, relieves soreness, does all the work of the good old-fashioned mustard plaster in a gentler way, without the blister.

Keep a jar handy. It may prevent pneumonia in your home.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST

THE BIKE YOU ARE SEEKING

2 SHILLINGS WEEKLY

MY NEW LISTS show astonishing reductions in price of Coventry's best bikes. Small deposit gets any model ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARR. PAID. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE LISTS showing biggest and best selection of bikes.

The O'Brien IN BRITAIN'S 1st 9 COVENTRY.

Kidney Weakness & Backache

Convincing proof of the efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablet in the treatment of back pains and Lumbago.

Miss Annie Curtis.

Miss A. Curtis's Testimony:

Miss Annie Curtis, of 21, Emily Street, Ardwick, Manchester, says: "For eight years I suffered severely from backache and bladder trouble. At times, as the result of treatment, I obtained temporary relief, but I was never completely free from the trouble, and was consequently in a continual state of acute depression. Last January, however, a relative persuaded me to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After I had taken them a few days I experienced definite relief, and a few weeks later I was completely cured. All the distressing symptoms and the pain have disappeared, and I am in the best of health."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME, and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Neuritis — Anæmia
Indigestion — Palpitation
Sleeplessness — Headache
Neurasthenia — Wasting
Nerve Pains
Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3 Family Size, 3/-
Sold only in sealed packets at all Chemists and Stores
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

STRAIGHTFORWARD OFFER TO READERS OF JOHN BULL

Free!

10,000 FREE samples of this PROVED remedy for

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis

—thousands cured

Absolutely free of all charge we offer two days' supply of "Napoleon" Cough-Cure Powders. This old and tried remedy gives immediate relief. Hundreds of grateful patients have written letters similar to this from Mrs. Golder, 91, Benwell Road, Holloway, N. (17/11/25): "I found your Cough Powders very good indeed and gave relief quicker than any other cough cure I have tried."

Test for yourself at our expense as did Miss Gotham, 19 Glebe Road, Garlinge, near Westgate, who writes (23/11/25): "After taking two or three powders my cough seemed to go away."

The fact that this is a pure Drug is recognised by its being free from Government Patent Medicine Stamp Duty. It is a natural substance used for centuries by learned monks for Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis.

Mrs. Loveday, 18 East Square, North Camp, Farnborough, writes (8/12/25). "Many thanks for the relief my child has received from the sample of your Cough Cure Powders. My baby had a violent attack of Whooping Cough; all the other medicines have failed except your wonderful Cough Powders."

"NAPOLEON" Cough Cure Powders

From all Chemists, 1/6

Send this COUPON *to-day for a* FREE *supply*

to H. R. Napp Ltd., 3-4 Clement's Inn, W.C.2. Please send me, free, by return of post, two days' supply of "Napoleon" Cough Cure Powders, which I have not tried before.

Name _____
(Fd)
Address _____

(Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS. Use ½d. stamp and leave envelope unsealed)

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 590.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. F. J. JONES, 3, Dysart Road, Grantham, Lincs.
Example:—He And She.
Bullet:—"Correspondence Course"—Then "Education."

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. G. GOWER, 82, Old Taunton Road, Bridgwater
Example:—For A Penny.
Bullet:—Tommy Cried—Now Sings.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. G. L. POVEY, 24, Mayplace Road, Bexley Heath.
Example:—What's Wrong With Britain
Bullet:—Following "Teams," Not "Plough."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. S. HORSLEY, 1, South Cliffe, Walton-on-Naze.
Example:—Matrimonial Sea,
Bullet:—Use Head Before Header.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. G. SEARLE, 54, Glenaje Road, West Norwood
Example:—Matrimonial Sea
Bullet:—Where Wireless Comes Shipwrecks, I

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. Brown, 3, First Avenue, Netherlee, Glasgow.
Both Ways—Backer's Safety—Statesman's Danger.
J. G. Carrick, Upton, Caldbeck, Cumberland.
A New Car—Reason Elopement Nettled Father.
F. P. Dorothy, Swindon Road, Highworth, Wilts.
What's Wrong With Britain?—Trident Won't Shovel Coal.
L. R. Friskney, 54, Hawksley Avenue, Hillsboro', Sheffield.
Heard At The Dance—Cough That Prevented Working.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
J. Hall, 16, Rishton Lane, Gt. Lever, Bolton, Lancs.
What's Wrong With Britain — "Crews" Leaving, Not "Rats."
C. J. Hunt, 101, Nightingale Lane, Hornsey, N.
Merry Widow—Now Only Keeping Self.
R. Miller, 27, Royle Street, Northwich, Cheshire.
For A Penny—"Advance"—Union Called "Halt."
W. J. Valentine, 18, Villa Road, Oldham.
Annoying—Britons Called "Plucked 'Uns."
W. Wallbank, 16, Pincock Street, Euxton, Lancs.
Running Home—Every Laugh's A Subsidy.
G. Wootton, 200, Stockport Road, Levenshulme.
Should Be Started—Sunday Games—Workaday Religions.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

D. J. Devlin, 3, West Royd, Hipperholme.
In Babyland—"Monarchy" Strongest When "Tottering."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
W. S. Harris, 297, Cotterill's Lane, Birmingham.
Annoying—American Window-cleaner Drops Leather.
G. B. Johnson, 41, Baring Street, Plymouth.
What The Flirt Said—"Your's *One* I Love."
W. McKendrick, 6, Clavering Street, Paisley.
Out In The Cold—Only "Draught" Sandy Stands.
E. W. Plummer, Junr., 156, Lansdowne Road, E.
Won't Go—So Churchill "Borrows Some."
J. B. Stevenson, Waterworks, Bamber Bridge.
Won't Go—Found How It Did.
H. W. Stretton, Poole, South Milford, Yorks.
Amateur Conjuror—Borrowed Handkerchief—Then Wept.
J. F. Webster, 8, Bedford Place, Seaforth, Liverpool.
What's Wrong With Britain—"Quarters" Wanted, Not "Divisions."
W. H. Wilson Belmont, Field Lane, Horninglow.
Merry Widow—Britannia—King Coal "Electrocuted."
C. Wright, 48, Ronald Street, Glasgow.
Should Be Started—"Pictures" Telling Britain's "Story."

100 £1 Prize-winners:

J. Allen, 1, Taylor St., Lees, nr. Oldham.
T. Armitage, 13, Grove St., Hazel Grove, Ches.
E. Andrews, 33, Camperdown, Gt. Yarmouth.
D. Baker, 110, Lr. Baggot St., Dublin.
R. Barber, Whitwell, Welwyn, Herts.
W. E. Bird, 58, Palmerston Rd., Belfast.
Mrs. P. Birrell, 108, Lauriston Pl., Edinburgh.
E. C. Bolton, 102, Grosvenor Rd., Harborne.
Mrs. M. Broadway, 134, Gordon Rd., Ealing, W.
A. G. Brodie, 40, Dillichip Terr., Bonhill.
Mrs. Buchanan, 42, Ann St., Greenock.
R. Burbridge, 201, Goodman St., Burton-on-Trent.
A. J. Butler, Church Rd., Pamber Heath.
K. Calsecoat, 9, St. John's Rd., Cambridge.
H. D. Cameron, 12, Regent St., Shawlands, Glasgow.
W. Carrick, 2, Hawthorn Rd., Ashington, North'd.
C. Carroll, 34, West Block, Mrd. Qrs., Fulwood Bks
W. H. Charlesworth, Sherburn Hill, Durham.
O. E. Chester, 34, Wilton Av., Southampton.
J. Christie, 10, Inchaffray St., Perth.
R. C. Cooper, 163, Rupert St., Norwich.
E. Colston, 64, Bridge St., Evesham, Worcs.
A. Cull, 9, Windsor Terr., Banbridge, Co. Down.
A. Day, 29, Bryony Rd., Shepherds Bush, W.
T. W. Dealy, 315, Abbeydale Rd., Sheffield.
F. V. Deave, 29, Ley St., Ilford, Essex.
Miss D. Denver, 14, Rue Duperre, Paris.
W. Eddolls, 72, Green Bank Rd., Easton, Bristol.
Rev. J. H. Elphick, Castlecide Vicarage, Connett.
W. P. Fairclough, 75, Slater St., Warrington.
E. F. H. Farrell, 21, East Av., Walthamstow, E.
Miss E. Gadeke, 73, Lathom Rd., East Ham.
R. Gallon, 706, Stratford Rd., Sparkhill, B'ham.
H. W. Geary, 172, Rumbby Mead, Letchworth.
D. P. Griffiths, Glanyrafon, Llancarfan, Cardiff.
Mrs. H. Haigh, Whitworths Bldgs., Kirkheaton.
H. Hall, 78, Newbridge Rd., Bath.

(*Continued on page 6*).

Bullets Big Ten"!!

INCREASED 1ST PRIZE

2nd. Prize £100

£300

3rd. Prize £50

10 £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

INCREASED 4TH PRIZE £30

INCREASED 5TH PRIZE £20

5 New Prizes of £10

200 5/- 500 2/6

100 PRIZES OF £1

6,000 TARGET PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 593.

WHEN BRITAIN SPEAKS
OLD SOLDIER
SLOW BUT SURE
AMATEUR ACTOR
IN THE SCALES
FRIGHTENS ME
READING HER THOUGHTS
SAID TO THE POLICEMAN
IF CUPID STRUCK
ARTFULLY
A GENTLEMAN
EARLY AND LATE
AGAINST HER
YOU AND I
SEEN IN THE MOONLIGHT
AT THE DOCTOR'S
WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG
A SHOCK
HORSE THAT WINS
UNLESS
LEFT ALONE
FORGETTING
GIRL HE MARRIED
HIS WORK
A BAD LOT
THE GAME
WHAT THE MINER SAID
THE HOUSE
MILK AND WATER
PARTY WARFARE
TO A WOMAN
WHAT IS A STRIKE?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 583 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any Two, Three or Four Words, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—Uncle Sam — Bullet:—Lent, But Won't Relent.
Example:—Thanks To Baby — Bullet:—"Catching" Everything, I'm "Stumped."
Example:—After The Party — Bullet:—"Ten Little *Bigger* Boys."

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 593, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(593) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(593) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(593) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date Thursday, Feb. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(593) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEXT WEEK £1,500 FIRST PRIZE!

"What do I know about washing? Nothing, you say! Good for you!

"But I know what effect it has on my wife —I know what a bogey washing-day used to be, and I know that since she took to using Rinso she's been as fresh and happy on Monday evening as any other day in the week. She doesn't have to rub and scrub any more—she just leaves the clothes to soak the easy Rinso way. That's the reason. She told me so."

Rinso

Takes a load of washing off your hands and a load off your mind

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